

SEPTEMBER 3, 1979

\$1.25

Carter's
Middle East
Muddle



TIME

The Master Eye

Photographer
Ansel Adams





Painting by David Schlenker

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And in 1948, a respected science magazine said: "Landing and moving around the moon offers so many serious problems for human beings that it may take science another two hundred years to lick them."

Obviously, no matter what you may hear to the contrary, the future is coming. And soon.

And with it will come incredible change in our lives and in the lives of our children and grandchildren. This ever-compacting future, with its vast and incredible technological innovation raises some perplexing questions that are important to address now, so as to avoid what futurist author Alvin Toffler calls "future shock."

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In the future, in magazine pages like this, we will be looking at issues like Access to Life Extension, the Social Implications of Changing Family Forms, the Effects of Over-Crowding, Communications and Culture in the Future, Social Values and Market Economics, Environmental Planning and Resource Allocation, Growth and Alternatives to Growth, and other issues that will impact the generations to come.

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A Letter from the Publisher

Photographer David Hume Kennerly first met Photographer-aid Ford's personal photographer at the White House. Struck by the haunting landscapes in *Ansel Adams: Images 1923-1974*, Kennerly brought the volume to the President's attention. Ford asked Adams for one of his prints and, at Kennerly's suggestion, invited the artist to reside over its installation in the President's private office.

Since then, Ford's two favorite photographers have met several times, both at Adams' home on the ocean-side cliffs of Carmel, Calif., and at Kennerly's townhouse in Washington, D.C. Kennerly has acquired three Ansel Adamses, and Adams a David Hume Kennerly. "We once swapped one for one," recalls the younger man. But the most satisfying of their exchanges, says Kennerly, was photographing Adams for this week's cover story, which marks the publication of Adams' 35th book and the opening of a major exhibit of the work of the man who, at 77, is the nation's best-known art photographer. He is also

the first photographer to appear on TIME's cover and, says his portraitist, "the most deserving subject I can think of—not only because of his contributions as artist and a conservationist. He is a celebration of the art of photography itself."

Art Critic Robert Hughes, who wrote the story, spent several days in Carmel talking with Adams and examining his archives. "The people who think of Adams as a monument of the Old West are largely right," he concludes. "He is a bluff, sweet man with pronounced opinions that he doesn't hesitate to utter." Unfortunately for the house guest, one of Adams' strongest views concerns tobacco, and his home is papered with signs reading, "Thank you for not smoking. The American Cancer Society." Says Hughes: "Blistering rows occur if he smells smoke, so I would disappear into the garden, ostensibly to contemplate nature, but in fact to sneak a cigarette and bury the butt under a shrub." As a veteran connoisseur of



Adams poses for Kennerly at Point Lobos, Calif.

art, architecture and antiquity, Hughes learned long ago to treat a monument with respect.

John C. Meyers

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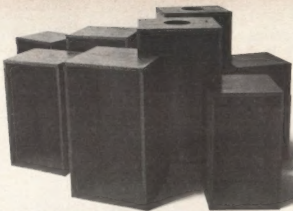
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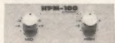
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Letters

Sparkling Youth

To the Editors:

Diane Lane and the other "fresh faces" [Aug. 13] have lit up the screen with the badly needed sparkle of America's youth.

Robert Klinestiver
Indianapolis

I am shocked, angered and disgusted, as surely the other real people of this country must be. Movies like *Pretty Baby* perpetuate the myth that a woman is only as good as her performance in the bedroom, and "the younger the better." Sick.

Bernadette Terpening
Souderton, Pa.

After a reign of 75 weeks, Cheryl Tiegs has just been succeeded by Diane Lane as the prettiest face to appear on TIME.

Randal C. Franklin
Port Washington, N.Y.



It is truly a delight to see a pretty face on your cover, not another one of our nation's problems.

Alan Hattey
St. Clair Shores, Mich.

Sweatshop Talk

After reading Frank Trippett's anti-air conditioning Essay [Aug. 13], I suggest that he be employed as a correspondent permanently assigned to the equator.

Al Luther
Pawtucket, R.I.

If it's all right to heat a house in winter, why the outrage at those who cool it in summer? Would you be as scornful of central heating—or any heating—if it had appeared only "a generation ago"?

Robert Burnham
Milwaukee

Frank Trippett's analogies to France, Germany and Japan are poor choices. Most of the U.S. lies south of much of Eu-

rope in a climate not always amenable to human endeavors. The choice is not cool comfort vs. "sweatshops"; it is gross national production vs. noonday siesta.

Gail Winkler
Madison, Wis.

Of New Wineskins

It seems a shame that Episcopal church leaders remain blind to the fact that this abomination, the new prayer book [Aug. 13], is a much more explosive issue than the ordination of women. Personally I wouldn't argue with an optional "Hi there, God" liturgy as long as I didn't have to listen to it.

Shannon Fitzgerald
Durham, N.C.

The leadership of the church, after years of hard work, introduces a new prayer book. Resistance among the laity is vociferous and in some cases violent. Is this the Episcopal Church with its modern-language prayer book in 1979? No. This first happened when Cranmer introduced his then modern-language prayer book in 1549. All the reasons given against the 1979 book—"it's poor English, it's not traditional, it's poor theology"—were first used in opposition to Cranmer's book. *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.*

(The Rev.) Robert Outman III
Rockland, Mass.

Marcuse Remembered

Herbert Marcuse's obituary [Aug. 13] is only as accurate as TIME can be when it addresses itself to the question of world-wide revolution. "The Revolution Never Came," says TIME, more to sum up its wishful thinking than Marcuse's thought. And when is "never," in any case? Is the future over?

Carlos Guevara
Dorchester, Mass.

As a former student of Herbert Marcuse at the University of California at San Diego, I remember his walking into class one day in 1969, wearing a button given to him by the conservative Young Americans for Freedom. The button read: TO HELL WITH COMMUNISM! Marcuse remarked to the class, "The reason I'm wearing this button is because I agree with it. I'd rather go to hell with Communism than to live here without it."

(The Rev.) Chuck Rose
San Bernardino, Calif.

Indians and Energy

There are several errors in the story on American Indian energy development [Aug. 20]. The photograph accompanying the piece was not of Peter MacDonald, Council of Energy Resource Tribes chairman, and CERT's chief economist, Ahmed Kooros, but MacDonald and CERT's execu-

utive director, Edward Gabriel. Our name is the Council of Energy Resource Tribes, not Resources.

The Navajos do not get 25¢ per ton of coal from Utah International, but only 15¢. Finally, when MacDonald talked about "shutting things down" at a Navajo energy project he was not referring to the Utah International operation, but to an oil pipeline that runs through the reservation.

Edward Gabriel, Executive Director
Council of Energy Resource Tribes
Washington, D.C.

More Arms to Limit Arms

So it looks as if SALT II will be endorsed [Aug. 13], as long as the Administration agrees to spend more money on defense. There will be arms limitation, but only if we can have more arms. This is absurd.

Robert L. Petrillo
Portland, Me.

Pledging for Chrysler

When Washington helps Chrysler Corp. [Aug. 20], every officer of the corporation, every employee, every shareholder should sign this pledge: Never again will I denounce the Federal Government for regulating the private business of Chrysler.

J. Stanley Cook
Bradenton, Fla.

Science or Technology?

I take issue with your Science heading for the story on the new cruise missiles [July 30]. What is going on there is not science but technology and engineering. Science deals with the acquiring of new knowledge. The use, including misuse or ill use, of that knowledge is the realm of politicians, engineers and technologists. Uncritical association of the word science does not help the public to recognize the profound issue involved here.

Roger Guillemin
La Jolla, Calif.

Guillemin is a 1977 winner of the Nobel Prize in physiology or medicine for his work on brain hormones.

Mom and Cheesecake

As a native Californian, I wasn't surprised by your article on male strippers [Aug. 13]. What astounds me is the location of the clubs. Never again when I hear about Wisconsin, Kansas or Iowa will I think of Mom, the flag and apple pie. From now on it will be naked men, towels and cheesecake.

Carolyn Swortfeger
Bakersfield, Calif.

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

American Scene

In Maine: A Bold Launching into the Past

The past never seems to give up on the state of Maine. Or perhaps it is the other way around. The present, at any rate, remains at best an intruder there, particularly in the heavily wooded coastal areas, which have adjusted to the automobile but not to the six-lane highway. In Maine the sturdy frame houses off narrow winding roads plainly belong to the century past. The people grow their own vegetables, chop their own firewood, bottle their own pickles and paddle their own canoes.

Where better than Maine, then, for a man to launch a dream—and a wind-driven cargo schooner? If fuel costs are to force America to retreat from the technological revolution wrought by the internal combustion engine, the first step backward is shortest, and easiest, and most welcome where there has never really been a wholehearted step forward. So it was that on a bright, late-summer day, farmers, fishermen and their families—6,000 of them in all—flocked to the ramshackle Wallace Shipyards in Thomaston (pop. 2,500) to cheer "that Ackerman boy" as his new two-masted, gaff-rigged schooner slid down the ways and eased majestically into the clean waters of the St. George River, exactly as hundreds of schooners used to do before steamboats, trucks and trains put most of them out of business more than half a century ago.

The launching of the schooner *John F. Leavitt* was not a sentimental return to the past. It was an experiment to see if perchance the past has a future—and will work. In a sense "that Ackerman boy," who turns out to be Edward Arthur ("Ned") Ackerman, a bearded, moderately grouchy 36, is simply doing what most pragmatic Maine-landers are also doing these days: turning away from expensive fossil fuels as fast as they can. Wood is already stacked high against nearly every house, ready to be fed to wood-burning stoves and fireplaces this winter, when the temperature, as it always does, will drop to 20° below and the cost of heating oil will rise to 90¢ per gal., about twice as much as last year.

For three years Ackerman has worked in the Wallace Shipyards, helping build his 97-ft.-long schooner. Her hold can accommodate 150 tons of freight and haul it cheaply and cleanly along the New England coast, or south to Haiti, into the Caribbean, and back. As recently as the early 1900s, schooners carried most of New England's southbound ice, fish, lumber and granite, returning with molasses and coal. But not for 40 years has such a commercial vessel been built, and Ackerman intends to turn a profit with this one. "It better," he proclaims, "and it will." Like his vessel, Ackerman is a throwback. A fiercely independent Yan-

kee out of Newmarket, N.H., with skilled hands and shoulders like a fullback's, he doesn't give a damn for anyone who doesn't give a damn for him.

The *John F. Leavitt*, red and white, constructed from the oak and pine of the Maine forest, is the fulfillment of Ackerman's dream, but he resents that description. The very word suggests impracticality, something Ackerman wants no part of. "Would it seem like a dream to you if you bought a new truck?" he asks. Is he the forerunner, the leader in something new, something that could become a trend? "Nah," he sneers in a New Hamp-

shire twang. "If a lot more schooners are built, it will be because a lot of people independently came by the same conclusion I did." His conclusion: with fuel now responsible for 40% of the cost of running any engine-driven ship, and the price still rising, freight rates will force merchants to find a cheaper way to haul goods. "Some day," says Ackerman, "there may not be any more fuel-driven trucks or motor ships at any price. But wind is plentiful." Cargo sailboats used to make the run from Maine to South Carolina in as little as a week's time. But there is always tacking against the wind. All together, Ackerman hopes to average 100 miles per day.



Schooner *John F. Leavitt* and friends

The *John F. Leavitt* is named after a maritime writer whose book *Wake of the Coasters* first inspired Ackerman's notion that the era of the wooden sailing ship might again be at hand. Ackerman gave

up the pursuit of a doctorate in Middle English, Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman French at the University of Pennsylvania to build his ship. There is enough romance in the hard-nosed seaman that he sought out John Leavitt's widow, Virginia, and invited her to break the obligatory bottle of champagne over the ship's prow at the christening. She did, splashing it all over her face, dampening her snow white hair and proper navy blue dress. The crowd cheered. The Thomaston High School band thumped out a march. Members of the Newmarket militia fired a one-gun salute.

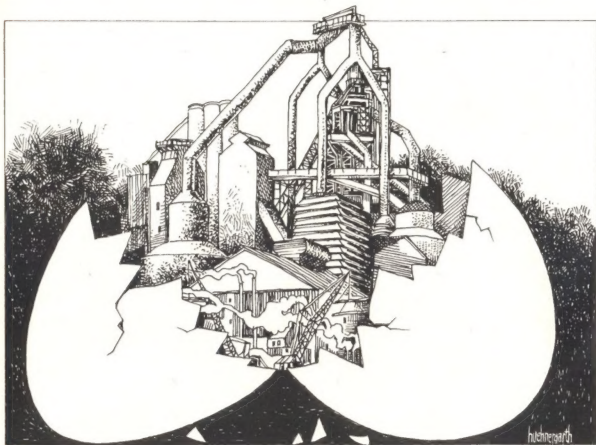
Once aboard, not even Ackerman could remain dour. Lovingly fingering one of the telephone pole-like masts, which will carry 6,441 sq. ft. of sail, he allowed his eyes to drink in the full magnificence of the vessel. An understandable pride began to creep into his voice: "I'm personally responsible for every penny in this schooner. I've put everything I own into her. It's quite an investment. I've got to get it back." How much? "That's my secret." The *Leavitt* will use cotton sails, partly because they are cheaper, partly because they wear longer on a working ship. A set will probably cost \$15,000. Her hull and spars must have cost more than \$350,000. The total outlay had to be considerable. But, snaps Ackerman, "whatever it is, there is no mortgage. Not one cent."

Ackerman expects to work the ship with a small crew, two professional deck hands, a cook and one or two apprentices, plus himself as captain. She has no engine, but will carry a 15-ft. boat with a diesel that can serve to nose her up to a dock or through a narrow channel. Because of the *Leavitt's* shallow draft (6½ ft.), she has a big advantage in direct loading and unloading of cargo that originates near the water. Ackerman's first load will be 150 tons of lumber and building materials being shipped from Quincy, Mass., to Haiti by Builder William Duane. Because the *Leavitt* will eliminate the cost of several transshipments between the Quincy yards and a Boston container ship dock, Duane figures Ackerman will be successful, moving cargo "at half the cost charged by conventional carriers." Ackerman himself figures to undercut fuel-powered vessels by 15% to 20%.

Another shipbuilder, Richard Dennison, 59, of South Thomaston, who has been in the business for 29 years, is also optimistic. Said he: "I'd like to see more of the same kind of boats. Maybe then the Arabs would drown in their own oil." Not likely. But one thing is certain: when Ned Ackerman takes the *Leavitt* on her maiden voyage, whether they sail north or south, skipper and ship will be moving in the right direction.

—Hays Gorey

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Paul R. Ingrassia



Paul R. Ingrassia, President, Illinois Wholesale Liquor Co., Inc., Rockford, Illinois



TIME Magazine recently honored eight distinguished wine and spirits wholesalers at the 1979 Wine and Spirits Wholesalers of America, Inc. (WSWA) Convention. One of these businessmen is Paul R. Ingrassia from Illinois. He was honored for his outstanding business performance as a wholesaler and as a valued citizen through service to his community.

TIME is proud to give these outstanding individuals the recognition they've earned and to pay tribute to the hundreds of wholesalers across the nation.

This important award was made in cooperation with WSWA and the Council of Young Executives.

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Surprise:

Railroads use less than one percent of the nation's energy resources each year.

TIME/SEPT. 3, 1979

Carter's Mideast Muddle

A tribute to Young gives the U.S. a U.N. victory—for now

"It doesn't make a damn bit of difference where the President is, the White House or the banks of the Mississippi," Press Secretary Jody Powell snapped last week. But there was no way of avoiding the contrasting images. On the Mississippi, Jimmy Carter drifted downstream in an imitation 19th century steamboat, waving, dancing and playing a callopie, stepping ashore periodically to shake hands, dandle babies and try to sell his energy program. Back east his top foreign policy aides were engaged in public disputes over who was in charge of U.S. policy in the Middle East and over what that policy should be. The disputes set off dangerous waves. Leaders of black and Jewish organizations, still at odds over the resignation of Andrew Young as U.S. Ambassador to the U.N., held a series of meetings that ended in mutual recriminations.

Who is in charge? shipbound reporters asked Carter. "Ask the Vice President," Carter flippantly replied. The next day Carter pointedly corrected himself and said that the man in charge was "the President." But he added that the disarray in his Administration was "no serious thing," merely "little transient squabbles."

The immediate problem confronting Washington was an Arab move, first made in June, to get the U.N. Security Council to endorse the Palestinians' right to self-determination. The Israelis saw this as a deadly threat to their security and demanded that the U.S. honor its pledge to veto any such action. In trying successfully as it turned out, to get a July Security Council meeting postponed for a month, Young had met with the U.N. representative of the Palestine Liberation Organization. Israel had protested that this violated a U.S. commitment not to negotiate with or recognize the P.L.O. unless that organization recognized the right of Israel to exist as a state or at least accepted U.N. Resolution 242, which implicitly affirms this right. Because of the resulting uproar over his meeting with the P.L.O. and over the misleading account of it that he gave the State Department, Young had to resign.

In the meantime, the Security Council meeting on the Palestinians had been rescheduled for last week. To avert a showdown there, Secretary of State Cyrus Vance and National Security Adviser

Zbigniew Brzezinski had devised a plan to offer the U.N. a more moderate U.S. resolution that would speak of the Palestinians' human rights but not their right to an independent state. They sent Special Envoy Robert Strauss flying off to the Middle East, under strict, sealed instructions signed by Carter, to explain this plan to Israel's Premier Menachem Be-

dealing with the Palestinian issue. Describing "the question of Palestine" as a "core of the conflict in the Middle East," the proposal called for the Palestinian people to acquire "self-determination, national independence and sovereignty in Palestine."

The draft also cited Resolution 242, thus affirming Israel's right to exist. It carefully avoided specifically calling for a Palestinian state and did not endorse the P.L.O. as the representative of the Palestinian people. Still, the rights demanded for the Palestinians—self-determination, independence and sovereignty—would just about add up to a state. So if the matter were to come to a vote, the U.S. would have no choice but to cast its 22nd Security Council veto.

When the Security Council convened Thursday afternoon, ironically it was Young who gavelled the meeting to order; he is that body's president for August. The debate's first day produced no surprises. Israeli Ambassador Yehuda Blum argued that the Camp David accords already took account of Palestinian rights. In effect, this was seconded by Egyptian Ambassador Esmet Abdel Meguid, who praised the Arab resolution but added that Israel "has committed itself to resolving the Palestinian problem in all its aspects." But the P.L.O. observer at the U.N., Zehdi Labib Terzi, vehemently rejected this, charging that "Palestinians were still denied the right to return home and choose their own representatives."

On Friday, Kuwaiti Ambassador Abdalla Yacoub Bishara hinted darkly at the potential link between Arab oil exports and U.S. policy by saying, "We don't want to bring the oil pressure." But the showdown never came. The pro-Palestinian states had decided to postpone a formal vote out of respect for Young. Said Bishara: "We can't imagine Young being blemished by [having to cast] a veto."

The American envoy was visibly moved by this tribute and was prompted once again to speak out bluntly. Said Young: "I have a fundamental disagreement with policy... It is a ridiculous policy not to talk to the P.L.O. And it is also ridiculous for any of you around the table not to have good relations with Israel." In what could turn out to be his valedictory to the council, he then said: "I feel like an innocent bystander swept by the powerful



"My name is Jimmy Carter and I'm running from President."

gin and Egypt's President Anwar Sadat. Finding them both strongly opposed, Strauss then flew home and convinced Vance and Brzezinski that the U.S. should abandon the resolution.

The stage was thus set for last week's Security Council battle between the U.S. and the nations backing a Palestinian resolution. As Thursday approached, the day set for the rescheduled meeting, tension mounted. Young, who is staying at his U.N. post until a successor is named, was still trying to postpone the debate another time. Though fundamentally unsympathetic to the U.S. position, he followed orders and spent hours pleading with Security Council members for a delay.

A resolution meanwhile had been drafted by a General Assembly committee

current of history—and I go gladly." The applause was tremendous.

Had the U.S. been forced to veto the draft, there almost certainly would have been outraged reactions not only from the P.L.O., but from key moderate Arab states such as Saudi Arabia and Jordan. To avoid such an outcry, and the adverse impact it could have on the U.S. role as a broker in the general peace process, was the reason Washington originally had wanted to sponsor its compromise resolution. It might head off a stronger Arab resolution and also be viewed as a positive gesture by Arab states. It was thus hoped that both Israel and the Palestinians would accept a formula that would have built upon or expanded 242 by somehow affirming Palestinian rights.

Mobilizing support for a compromise had been the main goal of Strauss's Middle East trip. Aug. 16 to Aug. 20, but he had found none. The Israelis now regard 242 as sacrosanct, and they rejected any plan to tamper with or modify it.

Egypt was almost equally adamant. When Strauss presented the proposal to Sadat, the Egyptian President called the plan "stupid." Sadat wanted nothing to slow the Camp David timetable calling for Egypt in January to regain two-thirds of the Sinai, including valuable oilfields. He feared that a U.S. proposal on the Palestinians would so outrage the Israelis that they might find some pretext to delay in fulfilling their Camp David conditions or to walk out of the current autonomy talks aimed at granting some self-rule to West Bank and Gaza Palestinians.

Despite the Israeli hostility, the Palestinian question



Andy Young at the Security Council session

A valedictory that left hardly a dry eye.

is not going to disappear. A number of Arab states are planning to place the issue on the agenda of the conference of nonaligned nations that meets in Havana in early September. What remains a question is the attitude of Saudi Arabia. When the Saudis increased their daily oil production in early July by 1 million bbl., there were hints that they would do so for three to six months. How long this higher output will be sustained could depend on how the Saudis rate U.S. Middle East policy, especially the stand on the Palestinians.

The major beneficiary of the Young flap seems to be the P.L.O. As American black organizations have rallied to Young, they have been speaking out on the issue that led to his resignation. As a result,

the plight of the Palestinians and the cause advocated by the P.L.O. have been receiving more favorable attention in the U.S. than at any time in memory. Most active has been the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, which sent to New York a delegation headed by its president, the Rev. Joseph Lowery. Meeting with Terzi and other P.L.O. representatives, it conveyed its unconditional support for the "human rights of all Palestinians, including the right of self-determination in regard to their homeland." Although the S.C.L.C. urged "consideration to the recognition of the nationhood of Israel" and stopped short of endorsing a separate Palestinian state, Terzi was delighted with the meeting.

The following day the black group called on Israeli Ambassador Blum and told him that it made "no apologies for our support of Palestinian human rights, just as we make no apologies to the P.L.O. for our continued support of the state of Israel." Replied Blum: "It's ridiculous to equate us with the P.L.O. It's like equating criminals to a police force."

With the blacks' interest in the Arab-Israeli conflict heightened and the sympathies of their leaders beginning to tilt toward the Palestinians, a potentially powerful political force could emerge as a new domestic factor in U.S. policymaking for the Middle East. In the weeks ahead, however, Washington's course seems reasonably clear. The Administration is likely to await the outcome of the three-day summit between Begin and Sadat, scheduled to begin in Haifa the first

week in September. A few days later, Bob Strauss will return to the region to try to quicken the pace of the Camp David process. ■

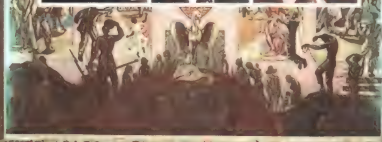
The P.L.O.'s Terzi



Israel's Blum



Egypt's Meguid



The Question of Who's in Charge

Backstage rivalries trouble the foreign policy team

"Not good" was Ambassador Robert Strauss's verdict on his own mission to the Middle East. He openly complained about the instructions that had been given him and asked who was in charge of U.S. policy on the Middle East. It was an astonishing question for a U.S. diplomat to raise in public. TIMI Washington Bureau Chief Robert Ajemian provides at least part of the answer in this report:

There is a dangerous disarray these days in the management of Jimmy Carter's foreign policy. When the State Department was compelled to deny formally that there was any split among Secretary of State Cyrus Vance, National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski and Middle East Ambassador Robert Strauss, the statement only confirmed the continuing struggle among the three men. White House senior aides have been troubled for months about the infighting, but the President has helped both to create the problem and to nourish it.

The three advisers are an odd mix. Vance and Brzezinski have never really got along or understood each other. It has to do with temperament: Vance is more cool, methodical, even slogging, than the nimble, aggressive Brzezinski. Though the Secretary in the past has been bitterly opposed to Brzezinski's hard-line approaches, he has remained curiously passive, allowing Brzezinski to acquire more and more power. The President has been accused (as Nixon was in the early days of Henry Kissinger) of creating a mini-State Department in the figure of his Security Adviser.

The introduction of Newcomer Strauss into the Middle East summitry shook the State Department to its foundations. That Carter would reach around Vance and Brzezinski and pick the glad-handing Texan, a lawyer, politician and trade negotiator relatively inexperienced in diplomatic affairs, stunned the department professionals. The move further diminished Vance's standing, removing a principal foreign policy area from his direction. It not only disillusioned the whole State Department but also aggravated the long-term power struggle between State and the National Security Council. Brzezinski saw Strauss's appointment as both a weakening of Vance's authority and a reinforcement of his own.

Carter's chief reason for appointing Strauss was to have a high-level official primarily responsible for dealing with Menachem Begin and Anwar Sadat. In the wake of the Camp David summit, the two leaders were constantly turning to Carter for counsel. The President had made up his mind that Vance was not strong enough to control the volatile peace



Strauss and Vance announce their agreement

negotiations, and he was not satisfied that Brzezinski was able to make decisions on his own. "Cy can't hold Begin and Sadat away from me," Carter complained to his closest White House confidants, "and Zbig is into my office every 15 minutes." The President told his aides somewhat gloomily that he believed he could not be re-elected if the peace talks collapsed. He first considered Henry Kissinger for the



Brzezinski and Vance confer at White House
The two have never understood each other.

job but decided that the former Secretary of State could not be trusted to protect Carter's interests.

So although Carter was already depending on Strauss to direct his re-election campaign, he chose the Texan as his special envoy to the Middle East last April. Once again the narrow limits of Carter's talent pool were revealed, for Strauss had little cachet in the diplomatic field, but he would bring the President a more audacious and political style in the Middle East. "I don't care whether Cy likes it or not," Carter told his aides, anticipating a protest from Vance. The President made certain to tell Brzezinski explicitly that he wanted Strauss's role enlarged beyond that of an ordinary ambassador, no matter how it upset Vance.

It upset Vance quite a bit. The normally imperturbable Secretary was badly shaken by the decision, especially when he learned that Strauss had insisted he report directly to the President. Strauss, before he accepted the job, presented Carter with a long memo of understanding, declaring that he would not work directly for Vance or Brzezinski. Carter was startled. He told intimates that it was the first time he had ever received written conditions about an assignment from the man who was about to get it. He went along with Strauss's terms but turned over to Hamilton Jordan the delicate problem of how to resolve matters with Vance.

As soon as Vance heard the news, he rebelled and threatened to resign. That set off a back-room tempest in the Administration. The principals, Vance, Strauss, Jordan and Vice President Walter Mondale gathered that night, at the end of March, in Mondale's living room. Vance insisted that he had already yielded too much to Brzezinski in the past couple of years, as Vance put it, to protect Brzezinski against his own large insecurities. "It's not personal, it's institutional," maintained the Secretary. "It will be a terrible blow for the State Department." Mondale tried to be the peacemaker. The group stayed up until 3 o'clock in the morning with the distraught Vance refusing to budge. Strauss periodically left the room while Jordan and Mondale tried to persuade the Secretary to see it the President's way. Vance, as ever the loyal compromiser, finally went along. "He was humiliated by it," said one close friend who knew Vance's private feelings, "especially the way Strauss was trumpeting around that he didn't report directly to State."

The Strauss appointment dispirited Vance for months. Never a conceptual person, more a man to work patiently toward a solution, Vance had found the constant sparring with Ideaman Brzezinski to be wearing. He had resisted Brzezinski's combative line toward the Soviets and opposed his successful campaign to speed up normalization with China. Whenever Vance chose to challenge Brzezinski by going directly to the President,

as he did over the adviser's repeated alarms about Cubans in Africa. Vance always won. But such challenges were rare. "Cy's not a good inflighter," conceded one of his admirers. "He's abdicated whole subject areas to Zbig." It was that very willingness to compromise, to negotiate interminably, that eventually dampened Carter's high opinion of Vance.

Now Vance has a new nemesis in Carnivorman Strauss, who has become an indispensable ally to Carter and the Georgians. That alliance may be put to the test in the next few weeks. The ambassador is exploring the possibility of serving as a dollar-a-year man for the Government and at the same time acting as a consultant for his law firm, which has among its clients many of the country's largest oil companies. Carter and the Senate will have to decide whether this dual position might represent a conflict of interest, Strauss says he will abide by that judgment.

Strauss showed from the start that he would tolerate no mistreatment from State. In the beginning officials snubbed him, neglected to invite him to key meetings and several times actually tried to alter his outgoing cables to Begin and Sadat. A couple of months ago, the Texan was not included in a meeting with Egyptian Vice President Husni Mubarak. This infuriated the short-fused Strauss. He called one of Vance's deputies and blasted State, saying the next time he would take the issue right to Carter. "Strauss is in business for himself," said a top State Department official who is appalled at Vance's plight. "He doesn't give a god-damn what Cy says."

Strauss slowly consolidated his power. He started receiving scores of calls from Jewish leaders who used to deal directly with State. Begin and Sadat were in direct touch with him. Strauss thought things were going fine when he got into his plane for the trip to Egypt and Jerusalem.

He knew there had been disagreements about a proposed U.S. resolution at the United Nations that would stress broadened support of the Palestinians. Vance and Brezinski, in agreement for a change, had urged the President to take a tough approach. Strauss wanted to be more flexible; he wanted simply to float the idea to the leaders because he was afraid they would fight it. Strauss knew that Carter had come down on the side of the Vance-Brezinski approach. But he was stunned when he got aboard the plane and was handed a sealed envelope that contained a rigid list of instructions about the Palestinian resolution. He had been given no room to bargain or maneuver, and his authority was reduced. The instructions were all in the name of the President but Strauss saw in them the fine hand of Brezinski.

It was soon obvious to Strauss that the hard-line approach was not going to work. First Begin, and then, to everybody's consternation, Sadat, ridiculed the President's proposal. Sadat nervously

warned Strauss that all of Carter's success in the Middle East would be destroyed if the U.S. pushed any further on the Palestinian issue. Both leaders also viewed Carter as so politically weakened at home that they questioned his determination. Strauss, now convinced that the binding instructions had weakened his own credibility with Begin and Sadat, returned home angry at his rivals.

When he got back he insisted on a meeting, and that was swiftly arranged. Vance interrupted his vacation on Martha's Vineyard; Brezinski, about to leave town, delayed his departure. The three gathered in the Situation Room of the White House, along with Mondale, who was asked by Carter to represent him. With some heat, Strauss accused Brezinski of writing the restrictive language in the sealed instructions, and the National Security Adviser confirmed that he had done so. Strauss bluntly laid out his understanding of his role: he had been placed in an intolerable position, and that could never happen again. He insisted that he

Many view Brezinski as a loose cannon, overeager and self-promotional to a fault, but the fact is that Carter's foreign policy accomplishments are his single political strength. Brezinski comfortably accepts a great deal of the credit. He is the principal architect of Carter's human rights policy, identifying the U.S. with developing forces of change around the world. His views on the MX missile prevailed. He was the Administration's key operator on Nicaragua and pushed his firm line for Anastasio Somoza's ouster.

Nonetheless, Brezinski's bristling rhetoric—diplomacy by bluster, some called it—kept his colleagues nervous. Kissinger, for one, tried quietly through various Cabinet members to convince Carter that he should get rid of Brezinski. Carter never went along, although White House senior aides say the President has developed a healthy skepticism about Brezinski's steady stream of proposals. During the final spasms of the Iranian crisis, for instance, it was first decided that Brezinski, not Vance, should



"If I'm Bob Strauss... Cy Vance sent me."

be allowed to operate more freely. The failure of the mission left Vance and Brezinski with no argument to make. It was jointly decided that they would recommend to the President that he submit to the U.N. no new resolution on Palestinian rights. Asked by reporters who was in charge of Middle East policy, Vance said tartly, "That remains the responsibility of the Secretary of State. Bob is in charge of the peace negotiations."

Up to this point, Brezinski had not been displeased about Vance's distress over Strauss. The feisty Security Adviser had told intimates that he believed Strauss would eventually falter because of his lack of international experience, and this could only enhance his own standing. With Vance having already declared he would leave his job next year, and Carter devoting far less time to foreign policy, Brezinski had become even more influential. White House aides contend privately that Brezinski wants to succeed Vance, and he sees Strauss as a rival.

fly over to try personally to bolster the Shah, a mission Brezinski eagerly pushed. At the last moment, Carter was talked out of the plan, finally agreeing that it was too risky. Brezinski was just as anxious to journey to Moscow when the SALT II negotiations stalled. "These State Department guys are too soft," he told one of his associates. "I can make the Soviets sit up and listen."

Vance, Brezinski, Strauss: the dilemma is the President's. Whatever the values and drawbacks of these three men at the top of his foreign policy team confronting one another, hard questions remain for Carter. Is he finally going to be able to clarify the line in the chain of command? Is he going to be able to deal with the conflicting ideas and approaches and ambitions of these men, each of whom, with good reason, thinks his counsel is most closely relied on? Perhaps the troubling answer is that in trying to make use of the varying gifts of all three, Jimmy Carter has not really been willing to take charge himself.

Nation



American Jewish Congress and Southern Christian Leadership Conference heads meet

"With Sorrow and Anger"

Black leaders lash out at Jews, and Jews lash back

Despite Andrew Young's own earnest pleas that his abrupt departure from Carter's Cabinet not be used to fuel black-Jewish divisions, inevitably it has. Though the two groups, once so closely and warmly allied in the early civil rights struggle, have been drifting apart for years, the spectacle of such open animosity and barbed exchanges as took place last week was dismaying.

Declared a group of 200 black leaders, who assembled at the N.A.A.C.P. headquarters in New York City to discuss the split: "Some Jewish organizations and intellectuals who were previously identified with the aspirations of black Americans... became apologists for the racial status quo. They asserted that further attempts to remedy the present forms of discrimination were violative of the civil rights laws... Jews must show more sensitivity and be prepared for more consultation before taking positions contrary to the best interests of the black community."

Retorted a group of eleven Jewish organizations: "It is with sorrow and anger that we note these statements. We cannot work with those who resort to half-truths, lies and bigotry in any guise or from any source... We cannot work with those who would succumb to Arab blackmail."

Such volleys were balanced, to some extent, by promises from both sides to work together against racism and injustice. But the sense of outrage came through even more clearly in individual declarations. Defending the new black support for the Palestine Liberation Organization, the Rev. Wyatt Tee Walker of Harlem's Canaan Baptist Church said the Palestinians "are the niggers of the Mid-

east." Nathan Perlmutter, director of the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, called the black leaders' charges an "amalgam of half-truths, untruths and anti-Semitic nonsense." Howard Squadron, president of the American Jewish Congress, accused black leaders of attacking Jews "for the sake of reviving the sagging institutional fortunes of civil rights organizations that have seen better days."

For those who wondered precisely what were the causes of black dissatisfaction, the group of 200 voiced them in what some called a "declaration of independence." The main causes:

Andy Young's fall. Young was the highest-ranking black in the Administration, the only one with the President's ear, and blacks felt that he was unfairly and too quickly removed as a result of Jewish pressure. While Jewish groups did protest Young's secret meeting with the P.L.O., Jewish leaders insist they only wanted to torpedo the policy, not Young, noting that in one poll of Jewish leaders, only two called for Young's removal from his post at the U.N.

The P.L.O. Many blacks feel that the continued denial of self-determination for the Palestinians is a human-rights issue, one in which they share an interest, and that the P.L.O. represents the Palestinians. The Israelis differentiate between the Palestinians and the P.L.O., insisting that the P.L.O. is simply a terrorist gang, with whom they will never negotiate. When Israeli U.N. Ambassador Yehuda Blum lectured black leaders for meeting with the P.L.O. representative to the U.N. and implied that blacks ought to leave Middle East policy to those who understand it,

blacks were furious at being patronized. Replied the Rev. Joseph Lowery, president of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference: "Who are you to tell us who we can't talk to? To heaven with you!"

Southern Africa. The black manifesto demanded that Jews bring pressure on Israel to halt "its support of those repressive and racist regimes" in South Africa and Zimbabwe Rhodesia. Israel does in fact maintain a flourishing trade with South Africa (\$120 million last year), and it provided military assistance that has been used against black guerrillas. Ties between Israel and South Africa altered when both nations needed whatever allies they could find. Israel also used to help black Africa until the Africans themselves broke off these relations in order to take a more pro-Arab position.

Affirmative action. More rankling than any foreign policy issue is a division that has emerged between blacks and Jews about how far society should go in pushing "affirmative action" programs to place more minority people in job-training programs and professional schools. Blacks insist that affirmative action, which means, in effect, special consideration, is needed to help them overcome the handicaps imposed by centuries of discrimination in the U.S. Many Jewish organizations agree in principle—but several filed briefs in the celebrated *Bakke* and *DeFunis* cases, arguing that the U.S. Supreme Court must not permit racial quotas, a stand that blacks fear could prohibit the setting of specific goals and timetables for minority hiring or admissions. Jews have bitter memories of the days when such quotas were used to limit their numbers in fields where they are now relatively numerous, such as medicine, law and teaching.

Beyond the stated agenda of grievances, there are some that blacks are reluctant to discuss openly. Many of the whites whom ghetto blacks meet face to face are Jews (one reason: some black ghettos were once predominantly Jewish neighborhoods, and often Jewish businesses have stayed in place even though their owners now live elsewhere). Blacks often see them as exploiting landlords, store owners and credit managers or as teachers who fail to educate black pupils. Jews working in or living near the black ghetto, in turn, fear the violence they see around them (as, of course, do blacks).

These tensions reflect the fact that Jews have overcome discrimination well enough to become, in the view of some blacks, part of the establishment from which blacks are still mostly locked out. Beyond that, there are historical reasons: Jews once took a leading role in the civil rights movement, and in due course blacks took over that leadership. Such transitions are difficult—for both parties. Now blacks are moving into a new area of assertiveness, foreign policy, and that too, as last week's fusillades demonstrated, will doubtless mean fresh frictions—and not just for Jews.

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Middle Americans lining the Mississippi bank to greet the President as the *Delta Queen* approaches Winona, Minn.

WILLIAM KENNEDY

Cruisin' Down the River

A water-borne version of the old whistle-stop tour

A political emergency brings out the corn-pone opinion in fine force—the one which can't bear to be outside the pale, can't bear to be in disfavor, can't endure the averted face and the cold shoulder, wants to stand well with his friends, wants to be smiled upon, wants to be welcome.

—Mark Twain

The chronicler of life on the Mississippi might have had a premonition about Jimmy Carter's descent on the Father of Waters last week. From the averted faces and cold shoulders of the poll readers in Washington, the President escaped by steamboat to the smiles and welcomes of Middle America. His seven-day, 660-mile

journey from St. Paul to St. Louis was a vacation both officially and in the sense that many politicians find campaigning a vacation from the cares of the office. Unmistakably, Carter was campaigning for re-election.

It was an exercise in nostalgia of several sorts. The vessel was the *Delta Queen*, a four-deck, wooden, stern-wheel steamer fitted out with Tiffany lamps and polished hardwood floors to remind tourists of the riverboats of Mark Twain's day.* Its progress down the river was a water-borne version of the whistle-stop tour of fond memory (to politicians anyway). The President's manner was a throwback to the campaigner's style of 1976, as he worked some of the same territory—notably Iowa, where his earlier triumph in district caucuses gave the first hint that he would have to be taken seriously as a candidate.

At 47 stops along the river, including some obscure hamlets and locks, Carter leaped ashore to shake hands and kiss babies; in the first 200 miles alone, he caused the *Delta Queen* to make nine unscheduled stops so that he could press more flesh. "Hi, I love you," he said over and over. Nobody who saw Carter's scratched and swollen hands or the lines of fatigue etching his face in the dawn at places like rain-drenched Lynxville Lock,

*Though it was fabricated in Scotland in 1926 and originally ferried passengers between San Francisco and Sacramento.



Hi there, Dubuque! The First Family disembarking to work a friendly Iowa crowd



Vacation vignettes: Jimmy at the wheel



Rosalynn and Amy signing autographs



The classic campaign pose at Lock 10, Iowa



Dancing to Dixieland jazz

Wis., could doubt that he was working at least as hard on this vacation as at the White House. But Carter obviously found the journey invigorating. On the bow deck as the *Delta Queen* paddled down the river, mostly at a stately 3 m.p.h., the President bobbed up at each toot from the flotilla of pleasure craft that escorted the *Queen*. Many times he restlessly scanned the tree-lined green bluffs through binoculars; whenever he detected something that might be a waving arm, he lifted his arm in instant response. One afternoon he leaped atop a rickety deck chair to wave, and almost catapulted himself into a swan dive over the rail.

Between the stops, scheduled and unscheduled, Rosalynn mostly stayed out of sight. But Amy, free for once from the formality of the White House, delightedly engaged four other girls on board in a game of hide-and-seek with her security agent, and picked out *Mary Had a Little Lamb* on the *Delta Queen's* calliope. Amy has developed into something of a campaigner; at some stops she worked her own sections of the crowd. One night, when Carter was speaking from the boat to a riverbank audience, several young boys standing knee-deep in the water shouted, "Let Amy talk!"

The 150 other passengers—mostly comfortable, retired and Republican—generally remained shyly aloof from the presidential party and seemed bewildered by the uproar of a campaign swing. Some

complained that they were awakened at 6:30 a.m. the first day by the pounding of Carter's feet as he jogged 22 laps around the deck; thereafter the President did his running ashore. Security was agreeably loose, however: Secret Service agents, clad in jeans and T-shirts, lounged in deck chairs and smiled amiably at the few nervous passengers who strolled hesitantly past the President's rear cabin. Carter roamed on board freely, but generally alone, though he and Rosalynn viewed the vessel's mild entertainments—a card-

sharpening exhibition and the movie *Showboat*—and shared drinks in the lounge one night with a group of Catholic retirees. Lois Paskett, a widow from St. Paul, bubbled, "I have a hard time getting to sleep just thinking I am on the same boat with the President." Nonetheless, by journey's end many passengers were grumbling about the noisy goings on.

The White House did not bother to disguise the fact that the trip was at least partly a campaign tour but insisted that it was "not a partisan campaign for Dem-



And at last, a quiet moment on deck when Washington seemed very far away



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Nation

ocrats or me," in Carter's words, but a journey to promote the President's energy program. At every stop, while the calliope tooted *God Bless America*, Carter preached a new energy ethic, in simplistic terms. Saving energy, he insisted over and over, is "exciting" and "enjoyable," not "inconvenient" or "painful." In folksy, fervent lectures, he urged people to insulate their houses, drive less, observe the 55-m.p.h. speed limit, join car pools.

Everywhere, Carter turned the trip into a revivalist gathering down by the riverside. The standard line, which never failed to win roars of approval: "How many of you believe we live in the greatest nation on earth? If you will help me, we can make the greatest nation on earth even greater."

Of course, not even in the middle of the Mississippi can a President entirely escape controversy. After he disclosed that he had approved the sale of 1.5 million bbl of U.S. heating oil to Iran, he got into a shouting match at Quincy, Ill., with critics of the move. Carter said testily: "You want me to tell them not to ship us any more [crude] oil?" As for charges that the President was drifting far from the demands of his job, Press Secretary Jody Powell hotly retorted: "What he has been doing here is the single most important thing he could be doing."

Carter unbent enough to join reporters, including *TIME* Correspondent Johanna McGeary, on the bow deck one evening for an unaccustomed hour of chit-chat. He gave a peculiarly detailed recital of the horsepower ratings of tugboats passing through Lock 26 on the Mississippi. He also offered some personal glimpses. He reads literary poets, he said. When? "I read in the bathroom." He disclosed that when in Washington he keeps a diary: "It's amazing how detailed mine is." When a reporter recalled that Mark Twain had called Congress the only "distinctly native criminal class," Carter joked that the remark was "very perceptive—but remember, it was Mark Twain who said it, not me."

All along the river, the crowds were large—close to 4,000 in tiny Wabasha, Minn., 100 even in a dense fog at Genoa, Wis., at 3:15 a.m.—and friendly too. Many shouted, "We're for you, Jimmy!" White House aides believe that the sight on TV of admiring crowds mobbing the President will improve his standing.

But Carter ruefully admitted to several audiences that "people don't come to see me; they come to see the President." How many votes he won remains to be seen. In Mark Twain's home town of Hannibal, Mo., Rosemary Pachzkowski waited for several hours at the corner of Hill and Main streets for a glimpse of the President, then hoisted high a hand-lettered sign proclaiming, I VOTED FOR JIMMY. Would she vote for him again? Don't know, she said: "It depends on who runs against him."



Jordan in his White House office

Cocaine Caper?

Carter's top aides impugned

Amid all the festivities aboard the *Delta Queen*, there came an ominous telephone call for President Carter at about 8:15 last Thursday night. It was the new Attorney General, Benjamin Civiletti. He regretfully told the President a stunning piece of news: he had just ordered the FBI to undertake a preliminary investigation of Carter's two closest White House aides, Chief of Staff Hamilton Jordan and Press Secretary Jody Powell. The reason: an allegation that Jordan had snorted cocaine during a visit to New York City's Studio 54, a celebrated disco club—the first version of the story said in April 1978—and that Powell had been with him at the time.

Since Powell, on the *Queen* with Carter, was standing near by, Carter asked Civiletti whether it would be all right for him to talk to his press secretary about the charge. Civiletti said it would not, so Carter waved Powell away as he listened to the rest of the story. At 4 a.m., two FBI agents boarded the steamer and interrogated Powell, who not only denied the story but said he had never even been to Studio 54. In Washington, Jordan also denied the charge. He had gone to Studio 54 for about an hour once last year, he told the FBI, but not in April and certainly not for drugs, nor did he ever visit the basement where the incident allegedly took place. Said he: "I did not attempt to buy or use cocaine—that is absolutely untrue."

The source for this tale was somewhat less than objective. Two owners of Studio 54, Steve Rubell and Ian Schrager, had been charged with tax evasion, obstruction of justice and conspiracy in June. The charges followed a raid on the disco in December 1978 in which Schrager had been arrested for possession of cocaine. Ru-

bell's chief lawyer, Roy M. Cohn, one-time aide to Senator Joseph McCarthy, said last week that in preparing for the trial Rubell told him that the discotheque's many famous visitors included Jordan and Powell.

According to Cohn's account, Rubell told him that Jordan on a visit asked for some cocaine and said he wanted "to get high." Rubell said that the cocaine was provided free for the visiting celebrity by a small-time drug seller named "Johnny C.," and added that Rubell and one of his former employees allegedly watched Jordan use it. Cohn got a taped statement from Johnny C. and then went to the federal authorities.

Rubell both amplified and corrected this account in an interview with *TIME*. The date, he said, was not April and Powell had not been there; his name had been on an April reservation list but he never showed up. However, said Rubell, "Ham Jordan came one night in June or July. He told Mark the doorman that he wanted to see the basement. There were about a dozen people in the basement at the time and four have come forth and said that they saw him: Mark was one, Johnny C. was another. I was one and another witness—a party person who had been connected with the Ford White House, a protocol type." Had anyone actually seen Jordan snort cocaine? "Johnny C. was the one who turned him on, and I saw him take a hit in each nostril. It was next to the pinball machines."

A White House statement asserted that "these criminal defendants have a clear interest in making false and sensational charges in an effort to bargain for leniency." Rubell said that he would testify against Jordan only "if they [the Federal Government] give us the right situation" and in fact had told two deputies of Attorney General Civiletti: "I am not going to testify unless I have immunity." To *TIME*, he added: "Sure I have motives, but I swear not one thing I have told you is a lie." Whether Johnny C. will appear also is questionable: Rubell says he is hiding out in Los Angeles "because he has no money to pay legal fees."

No matter what doubts Civiletti might have, the 1978 Ethics in Government Act requires the Attorney General to order an inquiry into any charges of serious crime against a high Administration official. He has 90 days to decide if appointment of a special prosecutor is warranted. If a prosecution ever becomes imminent, it could lead to Jordan's resignation and a major political crisis. At the moment that seems unlikely—though the White House is bracing itself for yet another unwelcome furor Carter prepared a statement asserting: "A public official cannot be forced from office by unsupported allegations. Mr. Jordan will continue to carry out his duties as White House chief of staff."

Long Hot Summer of Discontent

Brown lurches left as he plans his run for the White House

California Governor Jerry Brown has become a serious presidential contender, in part because of his engaging unpredictability as he looks for fresh approaches to old problems. First a move to the right, then one to the left, in a deft political dance that has confused and enraged his enemies and charmed and encouraged his friends. Brown now plans to announce for the presidency in late September or early October. But during a summer of discontent, of battles fought and lost, he may have miscalculated and taken one step too far to the left. The man who has stressed cutting spending and balancing the budget has wound up on many issues in the same camp with those left-wing luminaries. Jane Fonda and her husband Tom Hayden.

For the ever restless Governor, his shifts to the right did not seem to be paying off. Determined to honor his pledge to reduce spending, he vetoed two bills that would have given state employees a bigger pay increase than he favored. But both vetoes were overridden by a mutinous state legislature, which also overturned a third Brown veto. Until this rebellion, the legislature had overridden only three vetoes in 33 years. Another of Brown's favorite conservative causes is bogged down the drive for a Constitutional Convention to approve an amendment to balance the federal budget.

With little action on the right, Brown has been cozying up to the left. He believes the Haydens can help him put together a national constituency based on opposition to nuclear power, all-out support of solar energy, attacks on big corporations, a noninterventionist foreign policy and a lingering nostalgia for the impassioned politics and communal undertakings of the 1960s. The Governor has even adopted much of the Haydens' rhetoric, including their favorite image for describing the energy crisis: "The Viet Nam of the 1980s."

Brown revealed his new strategy in a series of controversial appointments. In July he named Edison Miller, a former P.O.W. in Viet Nam, to the Orange County board of supervisors. Miller had been formally censured by the Navy Department after an investigation into charges that he had collaborated with the North Vietnamese. But he was recommended by Fonda, who met him when she was broadcasting anti-American messages from Hanoi during the war. She also served as matron of honor at Miller's recent second marriage. Hayden was best man.

The California Democratic establishment was livid over Brown's choice. State Assemblyman Richard Robinson described Miller as "Hanoi's answer to Tokyo Rose." Unable to block the ap-



Jerry Brown in Los Angeles

pointment, the Democratic-controlled legislature sought revenge. Earlier, Brown had appointed Fonda to the California Arts Council, a post of no great consequence. But in retaliation for Miller, as well as for Fonda's defense of the North Vietnamese for expelling the boat people, the senate rejected her appointment, 28 to 5. Expressing the feelings of most of the people who had written to the senate, Republican Robert Nimmo said: "By all standards by which I was raised, Brown



Jane Fonda in San Francisco

Unconventionality becoming conventional.

was guilty of having committed treason."

Brown denounced the senate as a "group of small-minded politicians," and Fonda accused them of "McCarthyism," a charge that was echoed by 200 other show-biz celebrities, including Jane's father Henry. But Brown's cause was not helped by an earlier appointment. On Hayden's recommendation, he had named Chris Matthews to the Santa Cruz County board of supervisors. Matthews, who had spent a year and a half in prison for smuggling marijuana, then appointed John Hanna to the agricultural advisory board in Santa Cruz. Hanna is appealing a five-year sentence for bombing crop-dusting aircraft in protest against pesticides.

Looking ahead to his run for the White House, Brown has formed a committee to raise funds, and he offers his first clear challenge to Carter when he goes to New Hampshire to campaign on Sept. 9. Later in the fall, he expects to campaign around the country. The Governor will also get a boost from the Haydens, who, starting at Three Mile Island in late September, will tour 50 cities with the occasional assistance of such notables as Cesar Chavez, Gloria Steinem and Jesse Jackson. Though they have not formally endorsed Brown for President, the Haydens consider him to be the most "relevant" politician for America and the one most likely to be converted to their Campaign for Economic Democracy.

Whether that will help or hinder their candidate is another question. The Haydens' political philosophy seems to run counter to the conservative trend in America. There may be new interest in the Viet Nam War, but it is highly questionable that evoking the Haydens' approach to the conflict is a way to make political capital. Indeed, there is the very real possibility that stirring memories of the war may strengthen the revisionist beliefs of those Americans who feel that the conflict need not have been lost after all.

In a Harris survey in July, which asked Democratic and independent voters to choose among three possible nominees, Brown was backed by 18%, compared with 52% for Ted Kennedy and 25% for Carter. California Pollster Mervin Field thinks Brown has a fifty-fifty chance against Carter if Kennedy stays out of the contest. Brown, on the other hand, may have lost some of the luster that enabled him to beat Carter in all three of the primaries in 1976 where he appeared on the ballot. His unconventionality has by now become rather conventional: he is expected to do the unexpected. Behavior that seemed refreshingly uninhibited at first now may strike people as overly opportunistic. Asserts Tom D'Alesandro III, the former mayor of Baltimore who supported Brown in 1976: "He was a mystery then—this unique young man from out of the West who came in on a whirlwind. People now either like or dislike Jerry Brown. The mystery is gone."

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Nation

Pass the Buck

Bank robberies are soaring

A stolen two-ton refrigerated fish truck lettered M. SLAVIN & SONS rolled into the underground garage of Chase Manhattan Bank's national headquarters in the Wall Street district last week carrying a cargo of armed robbers. Less than half an hour later, the truck drove out with over \$2 million taken from a Brink's armored car. While the caper was the biggest and most professional of last week's heists in New York City, it was just one of 25 bank holdups in five days. New York's bank-robbery rate is up a whopping 27% so far over 1978's tally, and the national figures have jumped 13%. In California, which has some 30% of the nation's bank robberies, a new record was set on Aug. 10 for Los Angeles County: 12 robberies in a single day.

Why the epidemic of bank holdups? Simple enough: withdrawals are easy. For one thing there are more and more targets. As the number of banks and branches in the U.S. rose from 52,000 in 1968 to 90,000 today, the number of robberies soared from 2,040 in 1970 to 4,739 in 1978. Banks are often located close to highways and shopping centers, a convenience for robbers as well as customers. Tellers are trained to hand over the money in a hold-up to avoid shootings, and even the guards are often instructed not to resist. As a result, notes FBI Special Agent Joseph Ryan, certain banks can be easier to rob than family grocery stores, where mom and pop sometimes fight back.

Today's bank robber usually is a male in his 20s who is unemployed and often has a drug problem. He tends to be a note passer who acts on the spur of the moment, then takes the money and runs. One Minneapolis robber collapsed on the street after sprinting from the bank with his take. Last week a laid-back San Francisco bandit robbed from one teller, then moved on to the new accounts desk, where he was arrested after trying to open a savings account. In Savannah, Ga., a robber was soon caught because the note he passed contained his name and Social Security number.

The long arm of the law does not protect banks the way it used to. Local police forces have been reduced, and the FBI, which used to pursue robbers zealously, is now concentrating on the more costly phenomenon of white-collar crime in banks. That strategy is questioned by New York City Police Commissioner Robert J. McGuire. A bank robbery, he says, "is a street crime that has an immediate impact on daily life." Few bank robbers end up in jail for long, which may be one reason that they commit a crime that does not pay all that well: the average take is about \$1,500.

To protect its own, the American Bankers Association is holding seminars



Armed bandit fleeing a New York bank

around the country on beefing up security. Rewards are rising for information leading to arrests. Many banks now use the dye pack, a bundle of money that releases red dye and smoke as a signal after the robber leaves the premises. Here and there police forces are deploying special units to fight the epidemic. New York City has set up three task forces of cops, including one that puts plainclothesmen in banks that seem likely to be robbed.

But one bank decided that discretion was the better part of valor. After a frightened teller in another New York City bank was killed last week, apparently for failing to act fast enough, Manhattan's Banco de Ponce posted a sign near the tellers' booths: "Attention would-be bank robbers. This is a Spanish-speaking bank. If you intend to rob us, please be patient for we might need an interpreter. Thank you, the Management."

Mea Culpa

A confession rescues a priest

The Delaware police dubbed him the Gentleman Bandit after he had held up six Wilmington area stores last winter. Not only did he brandish a chrome-plated pistol, but he was a natty dresser who always wore a fedora and treated his victims with elaborate courtesy. He once even apologetically told a clerk, "I wouldn't do this if I didn't have to." After seven holdup witnesses picked the same man out of a police lineup last February, the authorities indicted an unlikely suspect: the Rev. Bernard T. Pagano, 53, then assistant pastor at St. Mary's Refuge of Sinners Church in Cambridge, Md.

A Roman Catholic priest for 21 years, Pagano insisted he was innocent, but failed a lie detector test. Loyal parishioners rushed to his aid and started a legal defense fund. Although Pagano had a rep-

utation as an inspiring preacher and a dedicated community servant, he had an unorthodox life-style for a priest. While most priests reside in a rectory, Pagano lives in his own \$50,000 home with a widow who he says is his half sister. He once ran a professional counseling business on the side until the church asked him to stop charging for his services. The priest's credibility was questioned when he applied for a college teaching job and listed on his résumé degrees that have failed to turn up in the institutions' records. Still, Pagano seemed to have little reason to rob: he reportedly had a savings account of \$20,000. The total haul of the bandit was around \$700.

Last week Judge Andrew Christie made a dramatic announcement from the bench: "An individual in Pennsylvania has confessed to committing all six crimes." Ronald Clouser, 39, who closely resembles the priest despite a 14-year age difference, had already admitted committing three robberies in Pennsylvania. An industrial engineer, Clouser was on leave from his job with the U.S. Postal Service because of emotional problems. Clouser's lawyer stated that his client wanted to "exonerate Father Pagano of acts for which he was wrongly charged." Said Clouser: "Father Pagano has unjustly suffered for six months." He added: "I'm not a habitual confessor and I'm not a masochist. I just don't want to see the wrong man go to jail."

The prosecution dropped all charges against the priest. "The state extends a sincere apology to Father Pagano," said Delaware Attorney General Richard Gebelein. Yet several policemen still suspect Pagano. "I'm convinced that we had the right man," says one. "If I didn't think he did it, he wouldn't be here." The policemen point out that Clouser failed to pass a lie detector test when he declared his guilt.

After he was exonerated last week, Pagano celebrated a Mass of thanksgiving at Wilmington's St. Patrick's Church, located a few blocks from the courthouse, where the church had assigned him during his troubles. He donned white vestments and implored his congregation to "love and pray for Ron Clouser as much as you did for me."



Ronald Clouser (left) and the Rev. Pagano

"The state extends a sincere apology."

World

INDIA

A Constitutional Crisis

Indira Gandhi bids for a comeback

Across the Indian subcontinent, the people whom Mohandas Gandhi once lovingly called *harijans* (children of God) began to find their voices. The 85 million *harijans*, or Untouchables, who are the lowest in the rigid Hindu caste system, had thought for a brief moment last week that durable Jagjivan Ram, 71, the widely acknowledged leader of India's politically potent *harijans*, was soon to be Prime Minister. It was not to be. Their hopes were dashed by a bitter impasse in India's parliamentary system that culminated in an unprecedented constitutional crisis.

The turmoil began with the resignation of Prime Minister Charan Singh, 76, only 15 minutes before a vote of confidence in the lower house of Parliament, the Lok Sabha, that would have sent his 24-day-old coalition government down to certain defeat. In line for the job, or so he thought, was Ram, also official leader of the opposition. But India's President Neelam Sanjiva Reddy bypassed Ram and heeded the advice of outgoing Charan Singh to dissolve the Lok Sabha and call new national elections. He appointed Charan Singh as head of a caretaker government until elections can be held in mid-December.

Reddy's decision was furiously challenged on the constitutional ground that as Prime Minister, Charan Singh had never faced a vote in Parliament. For that reason, Charan Singh's opponents assert, the President was not bound, in the British tradition, to accept his advice. A disappointed Ram declared, "The country will not excuse the President for his undemocratic dissolution of the Lok Sabha." Certainly there was the danger that the Untouchables would not. In ignoring Ram, the President had offended millions of *harijans*, who suffer the humiliation of daily discrimination and harassment.

Reddy justified his move on the basis that it was the only way to bring in a government with a popular mandate. Former Prime Minister Indira Gandhi had already informed him that she would not support Ram, and without the backing of her 71-member Congress Party branch, Ram would not have been able to form a government.



Demonstrators marching in New Delhi to protest Reddy's call for new elections

"The country will not excuse the President for his undemocratic dissolution."

Rarely before had India's parliamentary system been in such disarray.

The re-emergence of Indira Gandhi as a pivotal political force marked an astonishing change in political fortunes. Earlier this summer Mrs. Gandhi was still confined to political oblivion, a disgraced leader with no seat in Parliament and still under investigation for alleged illegal acts committed during the emergency rule she imposed in 1975-77 as Prime Minister. After the Janata Party disintegrated last month, and in the absence of any party with a clear-cut majority, her faction, Congress (I) (for Indira), had become essential for the survival of any government. Suddenly Mrs. Gandhi was once again at the commanding heights of Indian politics.

Her comeback was due in part to the vigorous campaign she waged to portray herself as a defenseless woman persecuted by a vengeful government bent on de-

stroying her and her son Sanjay, even at the expense of ignoring India's monumental problems. As both Charan Singh and his predecessor, Morarji Desai, had been imprisoned by Mrs. Gandhi, there was perhaps some truth in her charge, though there is ample evidence of her government's misdeeds. She has conceded that there were excesses during her Emergency, but she has stubbornly refused to apologize for her stringent measures in a time of crisis, an act of political and personal boldness that seems to have won her increasing sympathy. A recent opinion poll shows that 48% of the urban Indian public now favor her as Prime Minister; the runner-up was Morarji Desai with 19%. Thus she will do better than her rivals and improve on her 1977 performance in the election scheduled for mid-December.

As a political tactician, Mrs. Gandhi outwitted, outthought and outcornered the opposition. With no current seat of her

own in Parliament, she directed the Congress (I) from her home or from party offices. Having first backed Charan Singh in July in order to force the resignation of Desai, she then deserted Charan Singh to force his resignation less than a month later. Ram, who has been in every Cabinet since independence, stood by Mrs. Gandhi throughout the Emergency, but deserted her at the last moment to



Untouchable Leader Ram; President Reddy; outgoing Charan Singh

A bomb in Pakistan and lots of bombast in New Delhi.

help the Janata Party win the 1977 election. Last week she took her revenge by denying her old colleague the support that would have made him Prime Minister. It was ruthless politics, but as her aunt Mrs. Vijayalakshmi Pandit once observed of her niece in office, "She was the only man in the Cabinet."

Less than three years after she had been swept from office by an Indian public outraged by the Emergency and the heavyhanded execution of the sterilization policy promoted by her son Sanjay, Mrs. Gandhi could once more be the "daughter of the nation," successor to her father Jawaharlal Nehru and head of the political dynasty that has helped shape India's destiny for more than 50 years.

As the world's largest democracy, with almost 360 million voters, the majority of them illiterate, India needs time to organize its election. The chief election commissioner has already started work, but the logistics involved mean a delay of three to four months. Meanwhile, the caretaker government can only administer existing laws. Without a Parliament, it cannot initiate policy. Yet India is in desperate need of firm government to tackle urgent economic problems, including inflation currently running at 15%. To add to India's troubles, Pakistan has not abandoned its efforts to acquire an enriched-uranium plant, a crucial step in developing the so-called Islamic A-bomb.

There is also widespread apprehension that the growing fragmentation of power and politics in India will only increase its political instability. Perhaps no party will win a majority, though it is widely expected that Indira Gandhi will do well. She remains the only political leader with a national rather than regional following. Even she, however, cannot rid herself entirely of the stigma of the Emergency. Voices are heard once again that perhaps democracy is not the most suitable government for India, despite repeated demonstrations



Indira Gandhi

from Indians that they are as devoted to democratic institutions as are any other people in the world. Noting his country's poverty, a left-wing Indian journalist once said in despair, "India doesn't even have the alternative of revolution."

Yet the divisions in Indian society run deep, and they are as old as history itself. Caste politics has intensified in the past few years, and secularism is bound to be one of the main issues. Since Jagjivan Ram is a *harijan*, the Janata Party's leaders have already started to say that an Untouchable was deliberately prevented from becoming Prime Minister. That is obviously the first drumbeat of the election, and it is not reassuring. ■



Iranian firing squad preparing to execute Kurdish prisoners during current unrest in Kurdistan

IRAN

No More Mr. Nice Guy

Khomeini gets tough with the rising forces of opposition

"This country is halfway toward war," declared Iran's Defense Minister Taqi Riahi last week. So it seemed. Heavy fighting, by both the army and the "Islamic guard," whose loyalty is to the ruling clergy, raged in the Kurdish town of Saqqez as government forces tried to expel a band of 2,000 Kurdish rebels. Scattered skirmishes took place elsewhere in the region inhabited by 4 million Iranian Kurds, who for centuries have been seeking independence, or at least a measure of autonomy. After a tribunal ordered the execution of 36 Kurds for "counterrevolutionary crimes," a Kurdish political leader, Karim Hessami, warned the government: "From now on, for every Kurd executed, we shall punish one of the Islamic guards in our captivity."

Beset by troubles in other areas where Iran's restless ethnic and religious minorities live, the seven-month-old government of Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini is moving desperately to keep its grip over the chaotic country. One measure of its new-found realism was the disclosure last week that Tehran is negotiating with the U.S. for the delivery of at least part of the \$5 billion in American arms and equipment that the Shah had ordered. Iran is still anxious to sell back to the U.S. the 78 advanced F-14 fighters that the Shah bought in the mid-1970s, but it is now in need of spare parts for its American equipment, as well as ammunition, new helicopters and artillery. At the time of their victory last February, the ayatollahs rejected all American influence. Now, they evidently feel the need of some U.S. military help to survive.

The Carter Administration's decision to sell 1.5 million bbl. of heating oil to

Iran on an emergency basis drew some caustic criticism in the U.S., not only because of the coals-to-Newcastle nature of the transaction but because the U.S. itself is expected to be short of heating oil this winter. But the Administration, in defending the sale, pointed out that Iran needed the oil quickly because of sabotage on pipelines near the big Iranian refinery at Abadan. The White House also argued that the sale could have important advantages for the U.S. in paving a new relationship with post-Shah Iran.

Angered by the challenges to his authority, Khomeini lashed out in a speech to his followers in the holy city of Qum. In effect he declared: No more Mr. Nice Guy. His government had made a mistake, Khomeini said, in trying to be tolerant toward the dissident groups, especially leftists who encourage militancy among the minorities. "We knew they were non-Islamic, but they proved to be nonhuman." The Ayatollah also fumed at his appointed government's failure to rule effectively. Said he: "I shall come to Tehran and straighten things out in a revolutionary way if they don't shape up."

That seemed to be a clear call for a crackdown on the opposition, and the government took the cue. It immediately closed down 44 papers and magazines, and expelled five more Western correspondents (bringing to eleven the number deported thus far). In a particularly provocative move, it evicted a leftist Islamic group, the people's *Mujahedin*, from its headquarters in the former offices of the Shah's Pahlavi Foundation. *Mujahedin* leaders claimed Khomeini himself had assured them that they could keep their headquarters if they engaged

World

only in normal political activity, but the authorities in Tehran did not budge.

In the meantime, the government closed down the offices of all but one opposition political party in Tehran. The exception was the National Front, the ineffectual old party of the late Premier Mohammed Mossadegh. The only party actually outlawed is the Kurdish Democratic Party, which is supporting the fight for Kurdish autonomy. But other parties will be either outlawed or kept under a tight rein. Among these is the pro-Moscow Tudeh (Communist) Party, which has followed the clergy's line so unashamedly that political observers in Tehran refer to the party's first secretary, Nouredin Kianuri, as the Ayatullah Kianuri. No matter the Tudeh, like other "loyal non-Islamic parties," will be permitted to play only a "limited" role in the revolution.

The chief targets of the new measures, however, were the mutinous minority groups and their leftist allies. In another fiery speech, Khomeini said flatly: "If we had set up scaffolds in public squares and strung up these devils at the beginning of the revolution, we would have had none of these troubles." In ordering the army and his own Islamic guards to march to Kurdistan, he warned his military commanders: "You will meet revolutionary action yourselves if you fail to move into Kurdistan within 24 hours."

Khomeini had several motives in seeking to crush the Kurds. Most of all, he hopes to demonstrate the futility of intransigence to all the minority groups. Besides that, he wants to deprive the leftist insurgents of the haven that the Kurds have traditionally provided them. Finally, he is using the Kurdish challenge as a way of raising the spirits and fighting ability of the demoralized armed forces.

The exercise carries some risks. It is not likely to stop the fighting, and it is gradually turning the Kurdish rebels into accomplished guerrillas. Even more serious, from Khomeini's point of view, is the increased power and authority the fighting will give the military. The stronger the army the greater the chance of an eventual coup against the clerical establishment. Hence the rapid buildup of the Islamic guards, who so far have borne the brunt of the fighting in Kurdistan. They have also been active in Khuzistan, center of the all-important oil industry, where they have been trying with mixed success to keep the lid on an uprising by the region's 2 million Iranian Arabs. Sporadic violence, along with labor unrest and lack of trained technicians, has cut Iranian oil exports temporarily to below 1 million bbl. per day (vs. 2.9 million bbl. per day in mid-August). To appease workers, the government recently increased the minimum wage from \$3 to \$8 a day. As a result, an already staggering inflation rate of more than 40% is threatening to go completely out of control. ■

EAST-WEST

Turmoil on the Tarmac

A dancer's spectacular defection leads to a U.S.-Soviet quarrel

When Soviet Ballet Star Alexander Godunov decided to defect to the U.S. last week, he could hardly have foreseen the fallout from his electrifying leap to freedom: a Moscow-bound Soviet jetliner with 112 passengers aboard grounded for more than 24 hours and surrounded by police at New York's Kennedy Airport; top U.S. officials at the U.N. and in Washington getting into the act; the official Soviet news agency, Tass, accusing the U.S. of "political blackmail"; and Godunov's ballerina wife an unwilling hostage in the center of the turmoil.

The drama began early last week when Godunov, 30, bolted from his Manhattan hotel, just as the Soviet Union's premier ballet company, the Bolshoi, was about to complete a hugely successful

ture. Godunov's flight was evidently viewed as even more of a betrayal than the earlier defections of such luminaries as Rudolf Nureyev, Natalia Makarova and Mikhail Baryshnikov, who had all starred with Leningrad's Kirov Ballet.

Godunov grew increasingly worried about his wife. Believing that she might also wish to remain in the U.S., he publicly pleaded with Soviet officials for a meeting with her. "I am certain that she is not being permitted to learn all the facts," he said. "I fear the Soviet authorities will force her to leave the U.S. without my seeing her again." To prevent that, Godunov retained Attorney Orville Schell, who informed the U.S. State Department of his client's belief that the Soviets would hustle her out of the country.

Two days after Godunov's defection, a group of eight grim-visaged Soviet diplomats and police agents escorted Vlasova up the ramp of the Aeroflot jet. As the plane readied for takeoff, Port Authority police cars raced out onto the tarmac and slammed to a stop in front of the Soviet aircraft. Acting Secretary of State Warren Christopher had ordered the flight halted to determine whether Vlasova was leaving of her own accord.



The Godunovs in New York before defection

Insiders said they were estranged.

four-week run. Godunov, the Bolshoi's most charismatic star, coolly walked out of his room as if he were heading for a stroll, evading the KGB officer stationed in the lobby of the Mayflower Hotel. He rushed to the New York office of the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service, where he requested, and was granted, political asylum in the U.S.

News of the defection—the first in the Bolshoi's history—sent waves of shock and apprehension through the 125-member Moscow troupe, which included Godunov's wife, Ludmila Vlasova, a soloist with the company. At that point some ballet insiders reported that the couple were estranged and that Vlasova, 37, was unwilling to defect with her husband. Still, angry Soviet officials felt it necessary to hold Vlasova incommunicado at the hotel. Because the Bolshoi has long been groomed to be the showcase of Soviet cul-

With uniformed police, plainclothesmen and Port Authority officials surrounding the plane, Donald McHenry, Deputy U.S. Ambassador at the U.N., and a team of State Department and Immigration and Naturalization officials sought permission to question Vlasova. Soviet U.N. Ambassador Yevgeni Makeyev refused to allow the beleaguered ballerina off the aircraft. But on two occasions, two State Department officials were permitted aboard the plane, where they talked with Vlasova. Dressed in a snappy black jumpsuit, the dancer said she indeed desired to return home. "I love my husband. But he has made his decision to stay here, while I have made mine to leave." On each occasion, Vlasova spoke while surrounded by Soviet officials.

The Americans were unconvinced. Determined to talk to Vlasova in a place "where she could see for herself that she is free to go or stay," as McHenry put it, the State Department proposed that she be interviewed in a room adjacent to the plane. This request was also refused. "Such strong-arm tactics," said Schell, would hardly be necessary if Vlasova were genuinely willing to leave.

All 62 Soviets on board were asked by Makeyev to remain on the plane. After ten hours, 68 non-Soviet passengers were allowed to disembark; 44 were Americans bound for a seminar on the Soviet legal system. They had already received their first lesson. ■

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World

MOROCCO

Shifting Sands

King Hassan's expansionism heats up the Sahara

Morocco's King Hassan II, 50, has long been one of the U.S.'s most valued allies in the Third World. But Washington policymakers worry about the deceptively boyish monarch's ambitious territorial expansion into the former colony of Spanish Sahara. Reason: the more he grabs, the deeper he appears to sink into the sands of economic troubles at home and political isolation abroad.

On the military front, Hassan has been locked for almost four years in a no-win war against the guerrillas of the leftist Polisario Front, which is fighting to turn the barren but phosphate-rich, 103,000-sq.-mi. slab of desert into an independent "Saharan Arab Democratic Republic." At home, he has had to contend with rising public anger and labor strikes prompted by a deteriorating economy; it has suffered both from the decline in the price of phosphates, which provide a third of Morocco's export earnings, and from the war's cost, estimated at \$1 million a day. Internationally, he has been virtually ostracized not only by other Third World countries but even by former Western patrons like France. Worst of all, since the Polisario is based in and backed by Algeria, Hassan's socialist antagonist to the east, the King regularly runs the risk of provoking a wider, full-scale war between North Africa's two most populous countries.

Earlier this month Morocco's smaller neighbor to the south, Mauritania (pop. 1.5 million), abruptly made a separate peace with the Polisario and gave up its own claims to Tiris el Gharbia, the lower reaches of the Western Sahara. To forestall a Polisario takeover there, Hassan promptly occupied the area with 2,500 legionnaires and proclaimed it Morocco's 40th province. Though it was cheered by flag-waving children, that annexation sorely raised the level of tension across the Maghreb. Algeria immediately accused Hassan of being manipulated by "colonialists and imperialists." The Polisario vowed to "intensify military operations inside Morocco as well as within the Sahara territory." It was no idle threat, coming as it did on the heels of the insurgents' fiercest military operation to date: a frontal attack by 1,500 guerrillas, equipped with light tanks and Sam-7 anti-aircraft missiles, against two battalions of Moroccan regulars at Bir Anzaran, just 60 miles from the Atlantic coast.

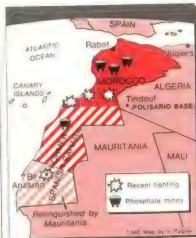
Though the six-hour battle left 500 Polisarios dead, compared with 125 Moroccans, according to Rabat's claims, the attack clearly shocked Hassan. Last week the King himself made a somewhat desperate public pitch to justify the annex-



His Majesty goes public in Fes last week



Moroccan desert troops on patrol among the sand dunes of the Western Sahara



ation and try to regain some international support by portraying himself as the guardian of Western interests in North Africa. Shifting the focus of the conflict, he accused Libya most of all for the destabilization in the region. "Colonel [Muammar] Gaddafi would be happy if a conflict broke out between Algeria and Morocco," the King declared. "We would both come out of it so weakened as to ensure his leadership in North Africa." At the same time, he went out of his way to be conciliatory toward Algeria and invited a negotiated settlement.

In a similar, private offer of negotiations last year, Hassan had arranged to meet secretly with Houari Boumedienne, but the Algerian President's fatal illness forced a cancellation. Now it is more difficult than ever to see the outline of a possible settlement. Algeria has little to lose by continuing to support the Polisario so long as its own troops are not involved and Libya continues to provide much of

the rebels' financing. For its part, Morocco is clearly not willing to give up any of its annexed real estate peaceably. Besides his own irredentist impulse, Hassan also has to reckon with the nationalistic fervor of his subjects—which the King originally whipped up in 1975 with his dramatic "Green March," in which 350,000 Moroccans literally walked into the collapsing Spanish colony.

Hassan's dilemma is also Washington's. Despite its 1960 defense agreement with Morocco, the U.S. has tried to remain neutral in the dispute and has refused to supply Hassan with arms to use against the Polisario. The Administration is in no mood to jeopardize sensitive oil and gas deals in Algeria, where the new, post-Boumedienne regime of Benjedid Chadli shows growing signs of wanting to seek better ties with the West.

NICARAGUA

Steering a Middle Course

The new regime guides a merciful, but moneyless, revolution

"This is a polite revolution." With those words Sergio Ramirez Mercado, soft-spoken leader of Nicaragua's revolutionary junta, summed up all the changes in his nation since the overthrow of Dictator Anastasio ("Tacho") Somoza Debayle five weeks ago. Polite has meant, above all, merciful. After 46 years of stifling one-man rule, the pervading atmosphere of fear is gone. There has been no reprisal by the victors; not a single member of Somoza's national guard has been executed, though its members killed thousands during the revolt. Despite predictions to the contrary, the unity of diverse political groups who joined together to topple Somoza has not collapsed. Instead, Nicaraguans of differing ideologies seem to be luxuriating in the unaccustomed privilege of political freedom.

No sooner did the junta feel secure enough in victory to lift a 7 p.m. curfew than Managua burst into noisy life. Roadblocks at major intersections came down, and the streets filled with honking traffic. Restaurants and theaters showing old American films like *Mandingo* began to attract crowds. Radio Sandino, voice of the Sandinista National Liberation Front (F.S.L.N.), adjusted to the brand new beat: to its broadcasts of revolutionary anthems it added disco hits by the Bee Gees.

Meanwhile, the Government of National Reconstruction was issuing many welcome decrees. First came an end of censorship, permitting long-silenced newspapers like the stridently anti-Somoza *La Prensa* to start up their presses. Homes, cars and other property that guerrillas had confiscated during their battle with Tacho's national guard were ordered returned to the rightful owners, though some of the Sandinistas were reluctant to give up their "liberated" booty. Last week a 52-article provisional constitution was announced, containing guarantees of equal justice under law, the ab-



Interior Minister Borge speaking in Managua; Sandinistas liberating a Somoza farm. Faced with an unexpected threat from the left, the junta had a firm response.

olition of torture and capital punishment, and the right to free expression. Of the 3,000 guardsmen and Somoza thugs that the junta had held in custody while determining if they had committed atrocities in the despot's name, more than 1,000 have been cleared and allowed either to go home if they wished or enlist in the revolutionary army.

Since the majority of Somoza's ministers fled into exile with the departed dictator, the junta has resorted to unusual tactics to recruit civil servants. "I called every friend in my telephone book until I had a staff," one harried official told TIME Correspondent Roberto Suro. To ensure that the bureaucracy does not fall back into the predatory pattern of the past, the junta enacted a tough anticorruption law that provides hefty fines for malfeasance. Says Ramirez: "A government official to-



day can stick his foot in his mouth, but not his hand in the cookie jar."

Until elections can be held, at least two years from now, local governments are being literally hailed into office. In Matagalpa, for example, five candidates selected by the F.S.L.N. lined up on the steps of a church. "Do you approve of these men as your representatives?" belated a Sandinista commander dressed in combat fatigues to the thousands assembled in the plaza below. "If you give them your vote, raise your hands." After an almost unanimous show of hands, the five were sworn in as the city's Municipal Reconstruction Junta, "in the name of the heroes and martyrs fallen in the fight for the liberty of Nicaragua."

Though it is the only organized armed force in the country and by far the dominant political faction, the F.S.L.N. has refrained from stacking the new government with its own adherents. From the junta down, each body has included not only leftists but also representatives of such moderate groups as Ramirez's Broad Opposition Front and the probusiness Superior Council for Private Enterprise. The unlikely coalition of moderates and leftists could well split if businessmen grow disenchanted with the socialist policies advocated by the Sandinistas. Surprisingly, the first serious threat came from the extreme left. Dissatisfied with the government's plans for building a mixed economy melding public and private enterprise, 60 Latin-American Trotskyites, calling themselves the Simón Bolívar Brigade, incited a demonstration by 3,000 Managua factory workers demanding



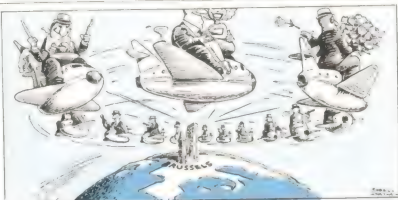
As normal life returned to Managua, residents lined up for hamburgers at McDonald's. Roadblocks came down. *Mandingo* drew crowds, and disco blared from the radio.

compensation for wages lost during the revolution. The revolutionary government reacted by ordering its armed forces to put the Trotskyites on a plane to Panama.

The junta has clung to its program of middle-of-the-road socialism not only to reassure jittery businessmen, but also to assuage potential sources of foreign aid, who are concerned about the new regime's leftist cast. Nicaragua's leaders know that they need help to recover from the Somoza dynasty's 46 years of brutality and neglect. More than 45% of Nicaragua's people are illiterate. At least 500,000 persons driven from their homes by Somoza's fierce counterattack must be resettled. Food is in such short supply that long lines form wherever beans, rice and other staples are distributed. So many factories and shops were destroyed in the fight against Somoza that half of the labor force has been unable to return to work.

In a final act of piracy, Somoza and his men looted \$500 million from the country's banks, leaving Nicaragua with only \$3.5 million in reserves and more than \$600 million in foreign debts to be paid by the end of the year. To help fill the gap and to finance a five-year \$2.5 billion reconstruction program, the Inter-American Development Bank pledged loans of \$170 million, and the central banks of several Latin American nations chipped in an additional \$50 million. But, concedes Junta Member Alfonso Robelo Callejas, a businessman: "I see the U.S. as probably our biggest source of aid." Washington, which has already provided \$7 million, seems ready to come up with more, hoping that by generously assisting Nicaragua, it can not only prevent the new regime from falling into the embrace of Fidel Castro, but also foster a new partnership with democratic regimes throughout the region. The junta plans to send representatives to the U.S. in September to press its bid for economic aid as well as arms to ward off a counter-offensive that Somoza has threatened to mount. But the junta is also courting Castro. Two weeks ago, Interior Minister Tomás Borge, a Marxist who is emerging as perhaps the most powerful figure in the government, slipped into Havana. His purpose: to invite the Cuban leader to pay an official visit to Managua some time this fall.

The ousted Somoza, meanwhile, has been trying to find a place to settle down. Expelled from the Bahamas more than three weeks ago, warned by the U.S. that he could not organize a counterattack from his million-dollar mansion in Miami Beach, Somoza last week turned up in Paraguay, where he was effusively welcomed by Strongman Alfredo Stroessner. In the past, Paraguay has provided hospitality to such celebrated exiles as Argentina's late dictator Juan Perón and Nazi Death Doctor Josef Mengele. At last, it seemed, Tacho had found a place where he could feel at home.



THE COMMUNITY

Luxury-Loving Eurocrats

Ending an expense account binge

When Roy Jenkins was Britain's Chancellor of the Exchequer a decade ago, he boasted about his record of bringing "public expenditure under very sharp control." He has been less successful in his tenure as president of the European Commission, a job he has held for the past 2½ years. During his stewardship in the European Community's top administrative post, a recent audit has revealed, many of the E.C.'s 13 commissioners went on an expense account binge that was anything but controlled.

The 50-page audit, which was prepared by the European Court of Auditors and promptly leaked to the West German weekly *Stern*, disclosed that the commissioners, who administer the E.C., had run up expenses that cost taxpayers from the nine Common Market nations a total of \$1.4 million last year. In addition the commissioners were paid \$2.1 million in salaries and allowances. The auditors turned up such items as Jenkins' \$3,842 bill for liquor consumed in his Brussels office, Danish Commissioner Finn Olav Gundelach's \$126,993 transportation tab, and West German Commissioner Wilhelm Haferkamp's \$39,976 entertainment claim. When the auditors asked Haferkamp for guest lists of his lavish lunches at such Brussels luxury restaurants as the *Ecailler du Palais Royal*, he withdrew 23 of the bills, explaining that he could not remember whom he had invited.

It was Haferkamp, in fact, whose expense account artistry had provoked the European Parliament into ordering the audit earlier this year. Members of Parliament had been dismayed by reports that he had given a \$14,000 cocktail party in Caracas and run up a \$2,000 bill for three nights spent in New York City's Pierre hotel. Last year, he took a woman friend on a trip to Peking as an official interpreter at E.C. expense and over Budget Commissioner Christopher Tugendhat's objections. Though the woman was multilingual, she happened to speak not a word of Chinese.

The commissioners' favorite means of transport were "air taxis," or executive jets, costing more than \$600,000 last year. Italy's Lorenzo Natali made so many official trips to Rome that he managed to spend 104 days of the year in the Italian capital rather than in the commission's Brussels headquarters.

Though the commissioners each receive from \$20,000 to \$33,000 a year for "representational" entertainment, depending on their individual ranks, in addition to their salaries of \$122,000 to \$145,000, they exceeded their allowances by 24%, according to the audit. Stung by the charge, Jenkins issued a denial, arguing that the auditors were wrong in calling the 24% an "overrun." The total amount spent, \$376,000, he said, was still less than the \$381,300 he claimed the European Parliament had allocated for entertainment by the commissioners. But Jenkins promised to publish quickly the commission's response to the audit as well as "a review of all existing practices and procedures."



Commissioner Wilhelm Haferkamp

A bit of expense account artistry

CHINA

The Jobless Generation

Resentment and delinquency among China's urban youth

"Go all out to fight the battle of crash reaping and sowing." There were two reasons for that bellicose injunction, broadcast to peasants in Guangxi and Hubei provinces. One was that after several years of mediocre harvests China's fertile southern provinces are now blessed with bumper crops. The other is that the area's farms and communes are desperately short of labor, because hundreds of thousands of Chinese youths have illegally migrated to big cities in search of better jobs and a more exciting way of life.

Ironically, many of these young men and women were originally dispatched to rural communes because there were not enough jobs for them in the cities. But last year, encouraged by the new liberalization policies of senior Vice Premier Deng Xiaoping, venturesome youths began drifting back to the cities. In an attempt to stem the tide, the Shanghai government announced that no youths working on its 35 state farms would be allowed to return home for three more years. Dozens of students on two such state farms in Anhui province reportedly committed suicide in despair. Meanwhile, others have descended on China's largest city illegally. In Shanghai alone there are now an estimated 300,000 youthful returnees, along with 200,000 younger middle-school graduates who have yet to receive job assignments. After a visit to Shanghai and four other cities in eastern China, TIME Hong Kong Correspondent David DeVoss filed the following report on the country's restless, unemployed youth.

For many young people, the day usually starts with a leisurely coffee at the Dong Hai (Eastern Sea) restaurant close to the Bund, Shanghai's main waterfront road. Others start with exercises on parallel bars in the People's Park. By midday boredom sets in. The unemployed pace the banks of the Huangpu (Whangpoo) River or just wander about aimlessly. There is a lot of window-shopping: by men at the new Jinxing television store on Nanjing Avenue; by women at the First Department Store's display of pleated skirts. In neither location are the displayed goods in stock. Other young people simply while away the hours gazing at goldfish from the deck of the Yu Gardens Tea House.

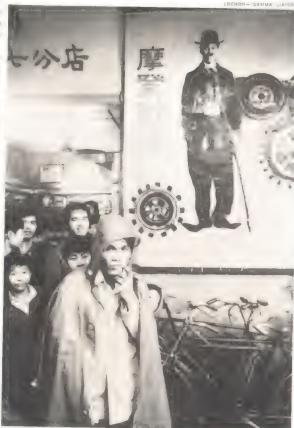
The only real diversion is provided by Shanghai's 65 movie theaters, most of

which open at 6:30 a.m. City authorities have allowed that unusually early opening time to draw some of the jobless young people off the streets. The city's current favorite movie star is Charlie Chaplin. When *Limelight* opened in June, it was to S.R.O. crowds. The film appeared only because Shanghai's Chaplin fans reluctantly allowed *Modern Times* to close after

commissions on the black-market sale of scarce local products. The more ambitious among them seek out Western consumer items to hawk illegally: popular items include movie-sound track albums, English-language books or clothing patterns laboriously traced from tattered copies of women's magazines. Says one youth who illegally returned to Shanghai from a commune in Yunnan: "The basic rule is that anything Western sells. What do you want for those bell-bottoms?"

Shanghai is losing the battle to induce its discontented young people to return to \$24-a-month stints in remote regions and is allowing them to apply for local jobs. So is Peking, which has reduced its unemployment by placing youths in appliance repair centers and handicraft workshops. Last month an editorial in the *People's Daily* urged party leaders to make even more of an effort to create jobs for unemployed youths. In Nanjing, 600 otherwise unemployable young people have been given jobs as hairdressers and bathhouse attendants. Shanghai last month tried to provide make-work for several hundred jobless young by paying them 53¢ a day to scramble up bamboo scaffolding and help refurbish the city's many stately but decaying Victorian office buildings. There are even special catch-up courses for young people. At the Xiang Ming Middle School, near Shanghai's old French Concession, former Red Guards show up each night to resume their interrupted education. Says School Principal Jiang Xiang: "In our discussions there can be different opinions. They can even admire the countries in Europe and America. We insist only that they take the socialist road."

Sympathy for China's unemployed young people is not universal. The Sichuan (Szechuan) Communist Youth League recently complained that "some young people lack great and far-reaching revolutionary ideas, and some even pursue the decadent way of life of the bourgeoisie." Shu Xun, an English teacher at the Xiang Ming Middle School, worries about the materialism of many students, whose main concern is "getting an automobile or a color TV." Others have taken a revolutionary step further and even dared criticize the regime itself. "I think conditions must be far better in the Soviet Union than they are here," said one bespectacled student on Huai Hua Street. "Alexander Ginzburg and Anatoli Shcharansky can express their opinions to journalists. Who knows who the dissidents are here?"



Shanghai youths queue up to see Charlie Chaplin's *Modern Times*. Gazing at goldfish and wondering where the dissidents are.

a six-month run. Another top attraction is *Awara*, an Indian melodrama about a disaffected youth who becomes a vagabond after being spurned by society. The film is something of a cult classic, particularly for former members of Chairman Mao Tse-tung's rampaging Red Guards, millions of whom were assigned to communes for re-education during the 1966-69 Cultural Revolution.

But moviegoing is a luxury for which many of Shanghai's unemployed youths have neither the time nor the money. They scramble for a precarious living by scalping movie tickets, acting as brokers for unused ration coupons, or earning

Harry Ekblom, when did you start reading The Wall Street Journal?



1953. Harry Ekblom, new banker, celebrating the holiday with his wife, Betty.

"In 1953, I got my first real banking job — in the Public Utilities department of the Chase," says Harry Ekblom, Chairman and Chief Executive Officer of European American Bank. "That's when I started reading *The Wall Street Journal*. It was a must for me even then.

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COVER STORY

Master of the Yosemite

Photographer Ansel Adams is the Grand Old Man of a still young art

In a big redwood house above the shifting kelp beds and nocturnal sea of Carmel, an old man is playing the piano, not too well. The room is large, worn and comfortable, decked with the heterogeneous souvenirs of a long life—rows of Indian pottery, elegantly woven tribal baskets and a huge Chinese ceremonial drum. The piano player's head, a bald mass, gleams in the light. His hands, swollen from arthritis, hardened by decades of immersion in darkroom chemicals, skitter over the keys, assaulting the same phrase again and again. "Damn," he says. "I've lost it." But not altogether. Once you have practiced to concert discipline, even 50 years ago, the traces still show. "There used to be a relationship between my piano and my photography," says Ansel

Adams. "I guess it's one-sided now."

Today, at 77, Ansel Adams is the most popular "fine" photographer in America. His images of landscape, and particularly of Yosemite National Park in California, have become almost indistinguishable from their subjects: to many people, Yosemite is the apparition on Adams' viewfinder. "Won't it be wonderful when a million people can see what we are seeing today?" exclaimed John Muir, the founder of the Sierra Club, as he gazed on Yosemite seven decades ago. Last year 2.7 million tourists went to Yosemite. One may fairly assume that most of their innumerable frames of 35-mm and Polaroid film were exposed in the hope of trapping their own Ansel Adams image, rather as tourists in 18th century Italy

sometimes carried a smoked lens called a Claude Glass, through which the landscapes of the Roman Campagna could be seen in the mellow brown tone of Claude Lorrain's canvases. To that public, Adams is as American as John Wayne: the last portraitist of Western sublimity.

Somewhat like his photos, Adams is larger than life. More than a million copies of his books have gone into print. The latest, *Yosemite and the Range of Light* (New York Graphic Society, \$75), will be published next week. The publication is timed to coincide with "Ansel Adams and the West," a two-month retrospective of 153 of his landscape photographs, organized by the Museum of Modern Art's director of the department of photography, John Szarkowski, and opening at MOMA



and television. The purpose of these images is information: they are scanned, milked, passed over. From that documentary point of view there is something perverse and excessive in the very idea of paying thousands of dollars for a single photo, a sum which a decade ago would have brought home three or four moderately good Rembrandt etchings.

No living photographer has done more than Adams to establish the difference between the documentary uses of photography and the aesthetic, or, as he prefers to say, "emotional." The landscapes on which his reputation rests are scarcely concerned with documentation at all. There are no people in them. They say nothing about society or history. They contain no news. The world they tell us about is exceedingly remote from ordinary experience. "It is all very beautiful and magical here—a quality which cannot be described," Adams wrote to his friend the photographer Alfred Stieglitz from Painter Georgia O'Keeffe's ranch in New Mexico in 1937. "You have to live it and breathe it, let the sun bake it into you. The skies and land are so enormous, and the detail so precise and exquisite that wherever you are you are isolated in a glowing world between the macro- and the micro-, where everything is sideways under you and over you, and the clocks stopped long ago."

This sense of a miraculous, beneficent clarity, of vision ecstatically distributed between the near and the far, has permeated American nature writing from Henry David Thoreau to Carlos Castaneda. It is as central to Adams' photography as it is to O'Keeffe's painting, or further back to the landscapes of Yosemite and Yellowstone painted by Albert Bierstadt, Thomas Moran and their followers in the 19th century. An entire tradition of seeing is inherent in the word

wilderness; it is essentially romantic. As Szarkowski has observed, "Adams' pictures are perhaps anachronisms. They are perhaps the last confident and deeply felt pictures of their tradition.... It does not seem likely that a photographer of the future will be able to bring to the heroic wild landscape the passion, trust and belief that Adams has brought to it."

The wilderness, for most Americans, is more a fable than a perceived reality. Ecologists and preservationists have made it a moral fable, an emblematic subject drenched in quasi-religious conviction. But this does not make it any less fabulous. The family in the Winnebago, lurching toward Yosemite to be reborn, cannot experience what in the 19th century used to be called the "Great Church of Nature" as it is seen in Adams' photographs: the experience has become culturally impossible. That has also worked to Adams' advantage. By now, his photographs of lakes, boulders, aspens and beetling crags have come to look like icons, the cult images of America's vestigial pantheon.

Adams' photographs are too thoughtful and rigorous to be called nostalgic. But some of their poignancy comes from the paradox of their making. The replicated image and its mechanical multiplication of fact slowly wore down 19th century romanticism and moved irony to the center of modernist culture. The camera, as Critic Susan Sontag pointed out, makes us tourists, not just in Yosemite, but within all reality. With Adams, however, the camera became the romantic's last defense. There was no irony. What you felt—scrupulously and with great technical skill—is what you got.

Perhaps Adams' most striking record of nature in full *terribilitas* is his nose. It was broken in the San Francisco earth-

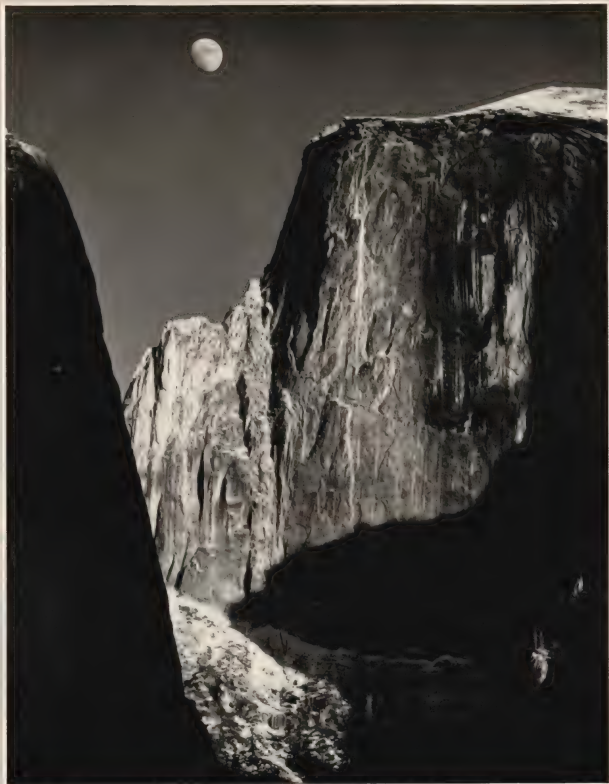
next week. In workshop sessions over the years, Adams has personally taught at least 4,500 students. Original prints of his photos may number as high as 30,000. The most sought-after of these images, *Moonrise, Hernandez, New Mexico* (1941), exists in an edition of about 900, and the going price for each one is \$8,000.

Adams' work—and his 60-year association with the Sierra Club, including 37 years as a member of its board of directors—has exerted a steady pressure on U.S. conservation and parks policy. Adams' limited-edition book *Sierra Nevada: The John Muir Trail* (1938) helped persuade Franklin D. Roosevelt to shepherd a bill through Congress that turned the Kings Canyon area of east-central California into a national park.

The public for fine photographic prints is growing, and prices are soaring (see box). But it can hardly be called a large audience. Most people are immersed in a daily stream of documentary photographs from newspapers, magazines

Adams at work in his Carmel darkroom and (above) on the coast at Point Lobos, Calif.





MOON AND HALF DOME, YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK, CALIF., 1960



ASPENS, NORTHERN NEW MEXICO, 1958

An Adams Album

"I never use the word aesthetic, in fact I've always been scared of it. The results can be aesthetic, but it's an emotional concept. I am always trying to see the picture. You're always trying to see the utmost. You get into the habit of that."



FROZEN LAKE AND CLIFFS, SEQUOIA NATIONAL PARK, CALIF., 1932



MOONRISE, HERNANDEZ, NEW MEXICO, 1941

"The unique quality in photography is a combination of rigidity, based on the pure physical, scientific facts of life, and the possibility of controlling that rigidity. You don't take a photograph, you make it. Expression is the strongest way of seeing."



MT. MCKINLEY AND WONDER LAKE, MT. MCKINLEY NATIONAL PARK, 1947



CLEARING WINTER STORM, YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK, CALIF., 1944



MT. WILLIAMSON, SIERRA NEVADA, FROM MANZANAR, CALIF., 1944

"You can take a super-wide lens into Yosemite and shoot nothing but parking lots. People do it all the time. The fact is that not many people today are interested in nature—by which I mean the natural scene."

Art

quake of 1906, when he was four. An aftershock tumbled him, face first, into a brick wall. "The family doctor said, 'Fix it when he matures,'" Adams chuckles. "But of course I never did mature. So I still have the nose."

The Adams family was well off then, but not as rich as it had been. Much of late 19th century San Francisco was built with lumber from the Washington Mill Co., which Ansel Adams' grandfather owned. But around the turn of the century the family lost six mills by fire and 27 lumber ships at sea, all of them woefully underinsured. After 1912, faced by the ruin of his timber interests, Adams' father, a mild, benevolent man with a deep amateur interest in astronomy, made a career at life insurance. He continued to raise his only child in Edwardian respectability, in a chalet-like house overlooking the Golden Gate.

Here, between the ocean, the fog banks and a coast still innocent of condominiums, the child's interest in wild nature began. "I was a hyperactive brat," Adams recalls. He was educated at home by tutors, and he ascribes his lifelong habit of keeping meticulous records of every motif, exposure and chemical mix to an early taste for algebra. But the main obsession of his youth was music.

Adams' house, like most middle-class homes before the dawn of stereo, had an upright piano, and Adams practiced on it assiduously. By 14, endowed with a nearly perfect memory, he could take a score to bed with him, study it, and play it in the morning. His teacher was a very Prussian octogenarian named Frederick Zech, formerly professor of music at the conservatory in Potsdam. "He was a great



Developing talent: Adams working on a print, c. 1935
Also, cannonball moons and a historical broken nose.

disciplinarian," recalls the pupil. "He turned me from a Sloppy Joe into a good technician. If it hadn't been for that, I don't know what would have taken its place." But the effect of music on his later photography went deeper than inculcating a habit of technical excellence through discipline. "I can look at a fine photograph and sometimes I can hear music, not in a sentimental sense, but structurally," he says. "I don't try to do it, it just sometimes comes. It's a synesthetic reaction." His preferences in music are in line with his predilections as a photographer: a preference for large struc-

tures, commanding themes and plenty of orchestral color. "I've always liked heroic music. I can't stand Debussy and Ravel. I like Beethoven, Bach, Chopin, Scriabin—anything architectural and big has much more appeal to me."

Adams' photographic career began with the first trip he took to Yosemite, with his father in June 1916. He brought along a Kodak Brownie box camera. The trip was "a tremendous event," he recalls. From that moment, the Sierra—"that great earth gesture"—dominated Adams' life, changed his vocation, gave him his subjects. He was married there, to fellow Californian Virginia Best, a marriage that has lasted 51 years. One of his two children was born there, and not a year has passed since 1916 without his making at least one return visit. Often the visits have been elaborate affairs. Adams, working for the Sierra Club as a photographer and guide, would lead as many as 200 people trekking stubbornly across the landscape. He even staged mock Sophoclean dramas in the woods, written by himself.

A photo from 1931 shows Adams, in a white sheet, cavoring as "the Spirit of the Itinerary" in a play entitled *Exhaustos*, featuring King Dehydro and a Chorus of Sunburnt Womans.

In Adams' album from his 1916 trip, with its tiny sodium-browned prints of the Merced River, Half Dome and the scarps of the great valley, one can see the latent images of his work, struggling to become photographs. But as yet they were just vacation snapshots. "They couldn't have meant anything at all to anyone else," he says. "But as I kept doing it over several years, it began to mean more. I was seeing more. Then I got better cameras. Then I began to separate things, to see them more clearly." The first picture he took that he thinks of as "fully visualized" as a photograph was in 1927: a view of Half Dome from the west ridge, which he caused "to look how it feels—a huge, monumental thing" by means of a dark red filter. "Visualization"—deciding in advance how a photo will look, rather than clicking away in the hope of a fortunate accident—is the essence of Adams' work. It is the difference between approaching a trout with a dry fly and dynamiting the brook.

When Adams' first portfolio, *Parmelian Prints of the High Sierras*, was privately published in 1927, he was a fine technician who did not know much about the history of his own medium. He had not seen, or at any rate had not noticed, the work of his 19th century predecessors. Western landscape photographers like Carleton E. Watkins and Timothy H. O'Sullivan. He was still influenced by the so-called pictorialists, photographers given to art blurs and poses. He also disliked the canonical painters of the American sublime, Bierstadt and Moran.



The cast of *Exhaustos* in the Sierra in 1931, with Adams kneeling at center

While the world falls to pieces, editing the natural jumble and clicking at the rock.

The Photo Boom

Collecting great art has always been a rich man's hobby, the province of the Medicis, the Morgans and the Mellons. For others, the only time the price is right, or at least affordable, is that fleeting moment between discovery and celebrity. The early part of the century, when a now famous Picasso etching could be had for \$20, was one such time. The late '50s, when a Rauschenberg painting cost less than \$1,000, was another. For photography that golden moment was, almost literally, just yesterday.

Consider the market history of the late Paul Strand's work. Fifteen years ago, his platinum prints sold for \$125. In 1972 they were still a bargain at \$1,500. Today a good Strand can go up to \$12,000.

Similar stories of steep appreciation can be told about

the work of almost every other major 20th century photographer: Alfred Stieglitz, Edward Steichen, Edward Weston, Walker Evans, W. Eugene Smith, Diane Arbus and Imogen Cunningham, among the dead; Harry Callahan, Frederick Sommer, Paul Caponigro, and Fashion Photographers Richard Avedon and Irving Penn, among the living. The great pictures of the 19th century are more expensive still. Last May two albums containing 100 early California and Oregon scenes by Carleton E. Watkins were sold for \$198,000. "A print is amusing at \$100," quips one art dealer. "At \$1,000 it's art."

Many people, of course, have known that from the minute Louis Jacques Mande Daguerre found a way to fix images on silver-coated plates in 1839. "Photography was art from the moment the first shutter clicked," insists Graham Nash, 37, a San Francisco musician (formerly of Crosby, Stills and Nash), who owns one of the largest private collections on the West Coast. But only in the past decade has the general public placed photography alongside the other major arts. The first commercially successful New York City gallery devoted solely to photographs was opened in 1969 by Lee Witkin, who is credited with helping start the boom. Only in the past two or three years have collectors been willing to lay out the large sums they have traditionally devoted to paintings, drawings or lithographs.

"When I started selling photos in 1976, I'd first have to prove to my customers that photography was an art," says San Francisco Dealer Stephen Wirtz. "Then I'd have to convince them it was an art worth spending money on. Now they say, 'Oh, dear. This is obviously art. Why didn't I do something about it earlier?'" Five years ago there were perhaps a dozen galleries in the U.S. selling photography; now there are at least 125.

One of the major reasons photo collecting has flowered only recently was the realization that a photograph, unlike a painting or a drawing, can be reproduced forever, as long as the negative exists. Ansel Adams has stopped printing *Moonrise, Hernandez, New Mexico*, for example, but in the-

ory 10,000 more could be printed tomorrow, thereby flooding the market. Today's collectors no longer find that possibility a real drawback. To allay such fears, many photographers put their negatives into archives or museums when a print run is finished. All art photographers, like Adams, now sign their prints, and a few number them, as artists do with lithographs. Yet the possibility of someone's going back into the darkroom with the negative does always exist, and collectors must resign themselves to that knowledge.

Still, sophisticated buyers can distinguish between a vintage print, usually made by the photographer himself within a few years after the photo was taken, and one made either much later or by someone else. Edward Weston's *Shell* (1927), printed by the photographer in his own darkroom, was sold this year for \$9,500. A print made from the same negative by his son Cole, 60, goes for only \$300—even

though Cole's prints are considered better in quality than his father's. "But Cole's don't have that mystique, that quality of soul that you get from something by the original artist," explains Witkin. "You hold it in your hand, and it is your tie with the artist."

One of the chief reasons behind the explosion of photo collecting was the previous boom in other forms of art. By the early '70s, even the rich could scarcely afford a Jasper Johns or a De Kooning, much less a Matisse or a Rembrandt. Most of the great private photo collections, those of Arnold Crane in Chicago and Sam Wagstaff in New York, for instance, have been built up only in the past couple of decades. "I'm in no position to collect great art," says Wagstaff, 57, a former Detroit museum curator, who bought his first photo print only six years ago. "But I am in a position to collect great art photography."

Another major force propelling photo prices is inflation. Disenchanted with the stock market, many people are putting their money into prints for the same reasons they are buying diamonds or rare stamps. So far, most of the speculators have been happy with the results, though in this, as in every other area of collecting, there is always the danger of getting stung. "Every dealer will talk about the print he bought for \$300 and sold for \$3,000," says David Margolis of Manhattan's Swann auction house. "But every dealer also has trunks filled with stuff he can't move because he paid too high a price."

Probably the main reason people buy photographic prints, however, is a genuine love of the art. Dealers report that many photo collectors are in their 20s and 30s and can afford to buy only a couple of prints a year. But they grew up on photographic images, in magazines, in movies and on television, and they love photos the way their parents treasure paintings or antiques. "We have been actively selling art for 150 years, but we have been selling photography for only about ten years," says Charles Traub, director of Manhattan's Light Gallery. "But I think that in 100 years people will see that photography was the pervasive expressive art form of this era."



Edward Weston's *Shell* (1927), printed by the photographer

Art

"Indians and bears walking out to the edge of cliffs!" he snorts. "They'd paint the Half Dome as though it were chewing gum. No essence, no spirit—just scene painting." Adams' problem was to find a modernist vision in photography, one that corresponded to the postimpressionist avant-garde, whose works he had glimpsed at the San Francisco Panama Pacific International Exposition in 1915. In 1930 he saw that vision in the work of a photographer twelve years his senior, Paul Strand.

Strand and Adams had met in Taos, N. Mex., in a friend's house. Adams saw no prints, only negatives. He remembers looking over Strand's shoulder as he checked and sorted them: "It flipped me out. That was the first time I saw photographs that were organized, beautifully composed. Strand was the turning point. I came home thinking, 'Now photography exists!'" Soon afterward he met Edward Weston and saw his work. What came out of these meetings was Group f/64, formed in San Francisco in 1932, consisting chiefly of Weston, Imogen Cunningham, Willard Van Dyke and Adams.

The term f/64 designates the smallest lens opening on cameras then used, the one that gave the greatest depth of focus and hence produced images that were sharp from foreground to background. To these photographers, f/64 also stood for "straight" photography, as against pictorialist fuzz. Instead of continuous tone, they went for high contrast. They also cropped and isolated their subjects: driftwood, seashells, worn rocks at Point Lobos, or the polished interior of Weston's Mexican toilet bowl.

The other big influence on Adams was Alfred Stieglitz. Adams made a pilgrimage to his New York gallery, An American Place, in 1933. There was a terrifying hour of silence: Stieglitz inspected the prints while his visitor writhed on a steam radiator, there being nowhere else to sit. Stieglitz gave Adams his benediction and, three years later, his first show. Stieglitz appeared to him (as to many other American artists, including Georgia O'Keeffe, whom Stieglitz married) as a father confessor of unflinching probity. "I am perplexed, amazed and touched at the impact of his force on my own spirit," he wrote to Strand. "I would not believe before I met him that a man could be so psychically and emotionally powerful."

In the '30s, Adams made a living from commercial work of every kind: advertising photography, industrial brochures and journalistic work for magazines like *FORTUNE* and *LIFE*. His letters to Stieglitz were full of scorn for his commercial patrons. But in the meantime he was earning, among other colleagues, a reputation as the least socially committed of serious American photographers. As Henri Cartier-Bresson once remarked, "The world is falling to pieces—and Weston and Ad-

ams are doing pictures of rocks!" Adams refused to deal with the standard subjects of post-Depression America, the breadlines, Okies, rallies and bums. When he photographed a Japanese American internment camp in California in 1943-44, the results showed not a hint of outrage. "I am ready to offer my services to any constructive government, right or left," he complained to Stieglitz, "but I do not like being expected to produce propaganda."

Adams has never repudiated his com-



Adams lugging his camera by the seaside

From the near to the far, an epic appetite.

mercial photography. Like his teaching, or the extensive researches that led to his invention of the "zone" system of exposure calculation, or his 30-year association with the Polaroid Corp., commercial work helped him perfect his craft. And craft is central to Adams' achievement. "The negative is the score," he likes to say. "The print is the performance."

Today Adams spends far more time on the performance than on the score. He virtually stopped taking pictures for public consumption in 1965, and rarely lifts a lens outside Carmel any more. He can occasionally be seen roaming that photogenic seaside town, a Hasselblad camera in hand, but the images he snaps are

put aside for his private collection. Instead of turning out new works, Adams devotes most of his working days to making prints of his earlier ones. He spends about four mornings a week in his darkroom and devotes the afternoons to updating the series of books on photographic technique that he began in 1948.

Adams' entire career represents a sustained, meticulous effort to order the jumble of the natural world, its colors, its erratic tones and shifting values, into a precisely tuned structure of differing grays. Some of his color photographs are beautiful. But they do not have the sense of a convention transformed and upheld that animates his black-and-white prints. The "feel" of Adams' monochrome work is utterly distinctive. It conveys an intense reverence for material; the density and solidity of rocks, the cannonball moon floating in a dark-filtered sky over Half Dome or the New Mexico desert, the way a geyser's spume becomes solid, a thick blade of water. There is an extraordinary distinctness and variety of detail, held in coherence by Adams' sense of tone.

To isolate Adams' contribution to the language of photography, the show at MOMA concentrates on his landscapes. (The only human artifact in the exhibit is a low stone wall in front of an early view of Yosemite Valley.) The show enables one to see Adams' early and late prints from the same negative, and the difference is interesting. The early ones are of ravishing delicacy; they have a subtlety of discrimination, a continuity of surface tone that are essentially lyric. But by middle age, Adams' work began to shift. In the darkroom, he was conducting from the negative's score—pushing the image to its tonal limit, infusing it with a Wagnerian moodiness. The late prints are public declamations, cast in an epic mode. To Adams, change is simply a matter of knowing more. The later the print, in his eyes, the better. "I like my prints full of beans now," he says. "I guess I got more belligerent as I get older."

For MOMA's Szarkowski, the reasons run deeper: "Ansel likes to look simpler than he is. He prints differently because he's a different man. In some contexts he'll admit that printing isn't ultimately a technical problem. But when you say that the changes in his prints imply changes in him, he denies it. He's a more interesting artist than he knows."

To see the range of Adams' achievement as a printmaker is to realize that no photographer in the history of the medium has managed to combine the monumental with the fugitive, the simultaneous awareness of vulnerability and endurance, more concisely. Yet even as they are praising nature, Adams' late prints speak of anxiety. For what is this perfectionism about, if not the desire to refine and perpetuate a sense of paradise that continually slips away, recorded only in silver particles and the memory of old men?

—Robert Hughes

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Press

Newsweek/Thomas Griffith

Obsessed by the Future

Those dread words New Hampshire are surfacing in the political columns again. Already. In the hot sun, long before the winter snows, Columnist Robert Novak of the team of Evans and Novak has been following George Bush around the state, busy making less ("It is doubtful he was seen by more than 100 registered Republican voters") sound like more ("... could set the foundation for an upset transforming Republican politics in 1980").

A tone of heavy journalistic irony usually suffuses such coverage, as if the reporter, by suggesting that Bush's dozen trips to New Hampshire so far this year may be a little excessive, hopes to avoid drawing attention to the fact that the reporter's own early presence on the scene is also much ado about nothing. Paradoxically, the presidential politicking season lengthens while voter interest declines. Much of the old gusto for hitting the campaign trail—which candidates sometimes had to feign and political junkies in the press corps sometimes had to suppress—has disappeared. It's now a long grind.

David S. Broder, the Washington Post's veteran political writer, won't be drawn into it until after Labor Day, convinced that "the process has got out of hand in length and cost." He thinks the press itself may have "aided and abetted" this overemphasis, because "it's easier to cover politics than to write about government." Theodore H. White, who first trooped around New Hampshire with Estes Kefauver back in 1956, vows to make 1980 his last book-length inquiry into President making. "Why, New Hampshire's only 26,000 votes!" Teddy White says. "It's like analyzing the Harvard graduating class! It's only terribly important because of what TV does to it."

Before next February, millions of words will be devoted to how each candidate is *thought* to be faring in New Hampshire; after the election, more thousands of words will explain the results. It will be pointed out that New Hamp-

shire is singular for having no urban crises, no big racial minorities, only the granitic resolve to be counted first. Even such analysis (always project ahead!) will center on how New Hampshire's vote may affect the next states to ballot.

Journalistic previewing constantly diminishes an event, boring the reader before it happens, making an election either an unsurprising confirmation of what was foretold or else an exercise in judging whether a candidate has done as well "as expected." This can be unfair, as it was to Senator Edmund Muskie in New Hampshire in 1972. Long before the primaries, a Boston Globe poll prematurely "gave" Muskie 65% of the vote; on election day, though Muskie beat George McGovern, 46% to 37%, the press proclaimed McGovern the real winner.

A surprising portion of any publication is devoted not so much to what happened as to what presumably is about to. And not just in politics. *Us* magazine, a celebrity-watching fortnightly from the owners of the New York Times, promises "stories and pictures of what's going to be happening during the next two weeks."

The itch to know what's going to happen next seems ingrained in modern man, and can be valuable, at least to those Wall Street insiders who buy on the rumor and sell on the fact. But journalism's constant anticipation of the news can be like a runner dashing for third without having touched second base. Magazine writers, or the authors of books about current affairs, often find themselves gratefully surprised by how much remains unexplored and untold about major events that the daily press and television once swarmed all over, then abandoned. An English historian, when asked how valuable newspapers are to his own work, didn't express the usual misgivings about their accuracy. Newspapers would be more useful to historians, he said, if they devoted more space to the immediate past and less to the immediate future. More useful to readers too.



Bush in New Hampshire

Milestones

BORN. To Rod Stewart (*Da Ya Think I'm Sexy?*), 34, raspy-voiced rock star, and Alana Collins Hamilton, 33, an actress formerly married to Actor George Hamilton: a daughter, his first child, her second; in Los Angeles. Name: Alana Kimberly.

ENGAGED. Janet Auchincloss, seventyish, socialite mother of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis; and Bingham W. Morris, 93, retired investment banker described by Auchincloss as "a very close childhood friend." Auchincloss's first marriage, to John Bouvier III, the dashing stockbroker father of Jackie and Lee Radziwill, ended in divorce. Her second husband, Hugh Auchincloss, also a stockbroker, died in 1976.

DIED. Kenneth Lamott, 56, novelist, social and literary critic known for his acerbic comments on California, the backdrop for

much of his writing and subject of his essays in *Anti-California: Report from Our First Parafascist State* (1971); of cancer, in Bolinas, Calif.

DIED. James T. Farrell, 75, novelist who wrote the 1930s classic Studs Lonigan trilogy, of a heart attack: in New York City. As a scrappy, street-smart youth on the South Side of Chicago, Farrell acquired a passion for baseball ("my longest and most faithful love") and an equally durable horror of what he called the "spiritual poverty" of the working-class Irish "with their sad history and their great dreams that collided with the facts of American life." After dabbling in Marxism and liberal arts at the University of Chicago, Farrell chose to escape spiritual poverty by writing about it. At 28, he published *Young Lonigan*, the first of three novels

tracing his anti-hero Studs from boyhood through boozy dissipation to early death. Though Farrell's unvarnished naturalism won him raves as "the new Theodore Dreiser," his unblinking approach to sex and secularity provoked critics throughout his career. After the Lonigan cycle, he published 50 books, but none of them won the praise and popularity of his first.

DIED. Julio de Diego, 79, Spanish-born artist whose vivid paintings of sinister battle scenes and mechanistic landscapes are in the collections of major museums; of cancer, in Sarasota, Fla. Diego left home at 15 to apply his brushes to everything from inn signs to stage sets. In 1924 he emigrated to the U.S. and worked as a fashion illustrator before achieving success as a muralist. For seven years Diego was married to Burlesque Queen Gypsy Rose Lee.

TIME, SEPTEMBER 3, 1979

THE GROUND RULES: FACT VS. FICTION.



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Medicine



Nonprescription diet aids that are easily available in drugstores

Diet Pills

Too much of a miracle?

Forget aspirin, penicillin or tranquilizers. The true wonder drug, in the eyes of all too many people, is one that promotes weight loss. For a while amphetamines seemed to provide that miracle, until doctors began warning of their severe side effects, which include increased blood pressure and heart rate, a dependency on the drugs, and bouts of depression when the pills are withdrawn. Now magical diet potions are being promoted in a new and, according to some doctors, alarming form. To make matters worse, they can be had for the asking at almost any drugstore.

These widely advertised nonprescription products contain two familiar ingredients, benzocaine and phenylpropanolamine (PPA). Benzocaine is a local anesthetic that has long been used to soothe skin irritations and itching. Added to special chewing gums or candy, it presumably dulls the taste buds and discourages eating. PPA, a drug related to the amphetamines, has enjoyed a long history as a nasal decongestant in cold remedies. In such popular diet pills as Dexatrim, Proflamine, Spantrol and Appedrine (which also contain caffeine), manufacturers say that it depresses the brain's "appetite center" in the hypothalamus.

But do the drugs really work? Yes, say the pharmaceutical houses, which got strong support earlier this year from a special advisory panel to the Food and Drug Administration. After reviewing drug company data, the study group found that benzocaine and PPA apparently were "safe and effective." It was a tentative finding, to be sure, and must still be accepted by the FDA, but manufacturers pressed ahead with intensified ad campaigns.

Yet many doctors are unconvinced by the blitz. The *Medical Letter*, a highly regarded bulletin for physicians, notes that in one published study of 66 obese patients, the greatest weight loss was achieved not by anyone on PPA but by someone who had been given a placebo.

Says *Letter* Consulting Editor Dr. Martin Ruzick, "If somebody really wants to lose weight you can give them almost anything and probably get an effect."

Doctors are especially concerned because people can obtain PPA without prescriptions. The drug companies themselves acknowledge that it should not be taken by anyone with heart disease, hypertension, diabetes or thyroid disease. These conditions often afflict the overweight, in many instances without their knowledge. PPA, alone or together with other drugs, such as monoamine oxidase inhibitors (antidepressants) or indomethacin (an antiarthritic), can induce severe episodes of hypertension. There has also been a case of kidney failure in a woman who had been taking a PPA preparation for a few weeks along with a few tablets of aspirin and acetaminophen.

Most specialists still feel that the real answer to shedding pounds is changing life-styles. Says Dr. Victor Vertes, director of the weight loss clinic at Cleveland's Mt. Sinai Hospital, "These drugs are not going to burn calories. You've got to curb your caloric intake. And for long-term weight control, they're completely useless. You can't take them for the rest of your life."

The Scalpers

Painful "cure" for baldpates

Pat, in his 20s with thinning dark hair, sits in the doctor's chair, his scalp red, scarred, infected. Dermatologist Marvin Lepaw and an aide hover over him. Slowly, methodically, using magnifying glass and tweezers, they pluck out one hair after another. The agonizing scene in Lepaw's Hicksville, N.Y., office is not an isolated incident. Doctors round the country are now trying to undo the dangerous fallout from yet another quick treatment for baldness: the implanting of synthetic fibers into the scalp.

Lured by ads promising a lush head of hair, perhaps 20,000 desperate men and women have spent up to \$6,000 apiece at so-called implant clinics. The hair is really thousands of colored strands of poly-

ester or modacrylic fiber, usually in bunches of three to eight strands.* The fibers are threaded into the scalp by needle or forced in by air guns and sometimes anchored below the skin with knots.

Initial patient euphoria is short-lived. Within weeks, the fibers start breaking and falling out. Remaining shafts become centers of inflammation as the body tries to reject the foreign material and invading bacteria. Says a 50-year-old real estate broker who underwent an implant: "Your entire scalp feels spongy, with a layer of pus underneath. The bleeding and itching drive you crazy. You wake up and find the pillow covered with blood." Natural hair may fall out too. Correcting the damage can take years. The fibers must be removed, and antibiotics taken to control infection. Some patients may require scalp removal and skin grafting.

The Food and Drug Administration and Federal Trade Commission have launched investigations, and local authorities are cracking down. Some people are suing. Few of the clinics are run by medically qualified skin specialists, but the trade is obviously lucrative. In 1978 Donald Underwood, an osteopath, is said by the New York State attorney general to have earned \$1 million from his now shuttered Long Island clinics. Some operators are switching to a new ploy, offering to implant human hair fibers. But dermatologists warn that fibers collected from a number of people can provoke even more serious problems.

One easy solution for baldpates: wear a well-fitted wig.

*These operations are quite different from legitimate hair transplants, which involve taking hair "plugs" from hirsute parts of the patient's body and planting them in the hairless regions of the scalp.



Lepaw removing synthetic hair

Bleeding, itching, and bloody pillows.

Economy & Business

Consumers in a Squeeze

Still spending, but also cutting fun, frills and other nonessentials

*Before I'll pay what they want me
to
I'll just live without it.
'Cause I'll never doubt,
You can't ration nothing I ain't
done without.*

So go the lyrics of a new country-and-western ditty that has come out of Atlanta and was written by Georgia's Lieutenant Governor Zell Miller. Miller's lament may never make the Top Forty, but a great many of his countrymen surely share his gloom about having to "do without." As in past times of leaping prices and deepening economic slump, Americans are taking seriously the task of cutting back their household budgets.

Typically, the first question is what necessities are really necessary. Even in a pinch, most Americans are reluctant to cut expenditures for such practical aspects of their lives as tuition, rent, utility bills and essential or even vacation travel. In consequence, they start out by trimming what economists call discretionary spending: buying things that are fun, frills or otherwise not absolutely essential to daily life and work.

Such cutting seems to become more imperative each month. The Government

reported last week that consumer prices rose 1% in July, which is an annual rate of 13.1%, and thus extended the present stretch of double-digit inflation to a full seven months. At the same time, the spending power of Americans has continued to decline. Mostly because of inflation, but also because taxes have been creeping upward, the actual buying power that people have been getting from the money in their paychecks has declined by nearly 4% over the past twelve months. So more and more, almost as a matter of survival, discretionary spending is being cut back.

Compared with past downturns, some of the current cutting is following unusual patterns. In previous recessions, forms of entertainment and diversion such as books, records and movies flourished during hard times because they were relatively inexpensive. But they are no longer so cheap, and therefore no longer recession-proof.

With the average novel costing close to \$10 and other books priced at \$15 to \$18 or more, hard-cover sales are down by nearly 10% compared with last year; even "quality" paperbacks selling in the \$4 range are gathering dust on publishers' bookshelves.

Sales of records, meanwhile, are off even more sharply. Some stores are reporting sales declines of as much as 40% this year; with albums now costing \$9 or more, many music buffs have stopped buying, or have discovered that they can save money by tape-recording their friends' records.

Some signs of rebellion over climbing movie-ticket prices are also appearing. When some of Atlanta's first-run theaters raised the cost of admission from \$3.50 to \$3.75 this summer (it has risen in New York City to as high as \$5 for some movies), smaller houses in more remote shopping centers began drawing sizable crowds by cutting prices to as low as 99¢ for recent but hardly fresh offerings like *Rocky II*.

Among other things that consumers say they are cutting down—or out—are charitable contributions, entertaining at theaters (now that even many off-Broadway tickets are up to \$13.50 or more) and eating out. Recoiling at restaurant bills that can easily reach or exceed \$25 for just one at lunch, more office workers are brown-bagging their midday meal or seeking out a growing number of health-oriented restaurants that ignore or play down booze and beef. The price of a single martini has risen in some Manhattan restaurants to more than \$3, an extortionate sum that is only slightly below the wholesale cost to an establishment of an entire fifth of vodka or gin. Clothes purchases are being postponed. The Claude Herrons of Atlanta took their annual two-week vacation at the seashore this summer, but Mrs. Herron has been staying clear of the stores. Says she: "I refuse to pay \$30 for a blouse. They can keep it."

Some seeming nonessentials, however, seem to remain much in demand. Says Lewis Katcher, a research director

Browsers in San Francisco bookshop



Moviegoers line up for a 99¢ showing of *Rocky II* in Atlanta, where some films cost \$3.75



at the Sutro & Co. brokerage firm in San Francisco: "Yacht sales will remain strong but sailboats will be down," a sign that while millionaire boatowners remain secure weekend sailors are financially vulnerable. Then again, as always in recessionary times, women are continuing to buy cosmetics regardless of cost. At the fancy Georgette Klinger skin care salons in New York, Chicago, Beverly Hills and Bal Harbour, Fla., sales of treatments and assorted preparations have continued to rise at 20% per year. But this year, reports Owner Klinger, people are economizing by "buying larger quantities—two and three quarts of skin care products rather than one."

As the current slowdown continues, the danger will be that consumers will not just cut discretionary spending but also begin to forgo other purchases that would have a broad effect on the economy. Even now, studies show that consumer "confidence" is near its lowest level in 30 years. Because spending by individuals on all sorts of goods and services accounts for fully two-thirds of the nation's gross national product—far more than spending by Government and business combined—a sharp retrenchment in purchases of autos, houses and other big-ticket items would surely deepen the shallow recession that many economists believe has already begun.

But such a retrenchment has yet to ap-



Price-conscious customers scouting out a Chicago furniture store

pear. While the automakers are currently suffering through a sharp slump, retailers are reasonably happy. In fact, retail sales in July were actually 11% above what they had been in the same month last year, though much of that increase simply reflected higher prices. Moreover, Americans are still piling on installment debt at the brisk rate of \$5 billion a month. Indeed, by the end of June they were in the hole for a record total of \$292.5 billion, which is hardly a sign of consumer panic.

What serious retrenching has oc-

curred so far has been highly selective. Says Georgia State University Economist Donald Ratajczak, speaking about the status of retail sales: "The discount and the high quality lines are good; the in-between is dead. Top and bottom are where the action is." Translation: in marked contrast with their behavior during past economic slowdowns, people are not closing their wallets entirely but are scrambling for bargains, on the one hand, and, on the other, scooping up top quality, long-lasting goods at any price.

Cashing In on Coupons

One index of how financially pressed Americans feel is the popularity of grocery coupons, those little pieces of paper snipped from product labels or newspaper ads that housewives have long used to save nickels and dimes at the check-out counter. By the Agriculture Department's reckoning, coupons are used at least occasionally in 80% of American households, up from 58% in 1971. Nonetheless, only one coupon in ten is ever redeemed at a store, and there is at least one determined bargain hunter who believes that consumers do not realize the full potential of these freebies. She is Susan Samtur, 34, a mother of two and former schoolteacher in Yonkers, N.Y., who has published her ideas on how to be a shoppersaver in a new book called *Cashing In at the Checkout*.

Samtur says that by making the most of coupons she is able to snip 40% to 60% off her food bill every time she shops, for an average savings of \$40 or more a week. Moreover, she claims that by taking maximum advantage of refunds, in which manufacturers promise cash rebates to consumers for trying their products, she reaps an additional \$1,500 annually.

Stores like coupons, which can be offered for any item but are most commonly used to promote cleaning aids, health and beauty products, and processed foods. After a coupon is redeemed by a customer, the manufac-

turer of the product pays the store not only the coupon's face value, usually 5¢ or 10¢, but also a handling fee that may be as high as 5¢ and is mostly profit for the store. Most shoppers would probably find the supershopping routine very exhausting. Samtur spends five hours a week clipping coupons, filing cents-off labels and mailing out refund requests, which average 100 a month. She tears labels while watching TV; when she takes her children to the doctor, she cuts coupons from the magazines in the waiting room.

Samtur buys only nationally advertised brands, since they are the only ones that offer coupons and rebates. She buys in bulk and seeks out bargains. Example: when Crest toothpaste came out with a 9-oz. tube at an introductory price of 89¢, she laid in 20 tubes. She paid only 79¢ for ten of the tubes, because she was able to use ten 10¢ Crest coupons that she had filed away. When the price rose to the regular \$1.49 a tube a week later, she had saved \$13.

Samtur insists that she never buys something she will not use just to get a coupon or a rebate. Says she: "That would defeat the whole purpose of the system, which is to save money." She takes pride in the fact that when her son goes to the beach, he is outfitted with slippers, beach bag, towel and hat, all free from the makers of Glad bags, a T shirt from Campbell Soup, a Raggedy Andy toy from Crest and a wagon from Viva paper towels. Only his bathing suit was paid for, and it, of course, was on sale.



Samtur saving at the grocery check-out

How They Live So Well in Europe

"Black work" and a thrift ethic help them handle those prices

It used to be that Americans returned from a vacation across the Atlantic full of tales of shopping bargains and cheap travel. No longer. Today, most return with their wallets empty, their credit cards fully charged and their spirits shaken by how little the dollar now buys. Many wonder just how Europeans can afford to live at all in Western Europe, let alone so well.

Prices are indeed high. In the shopping meccas of Paris' Rue du Faubourg-Saint-Honoré, Munich's Maximilianstrasse or Brussels' Avenue Louise, a Pierre Cardin tie costs \$40, a Réty suit \$440 and a Balenciaga handbag \$370. Even the cost of window-shopping is steep. Hotel rooms in a smart area of a capital city can easily cost \$75 a night, a good dinner for two starts at \$60 or more, and a week's car rental often tops \$300.



Geneva Secretary Dreyfus with Lancia

When you run out of money, stop

Local residents, of course, avoid the stores and services that tourists frequent. Even so, their everyday costs are hefty. A modest two-bedroom house in a suburb rents for \$1,600 a month; a gallon of gas costs \$2.30 or more, a pair of Levi's about \$40, cigarettes \$1.10 to \$2.70, newspapers at least 40¢ and a pound of steak up to \$11.

But while surveys show that compared with America, living costs are up to 73% higher in Switzerland and about 40% higher in West Germany and France, it is also true that European salaries are occasionally richer. A recent study by a U.S. management consulting firm, Towers, Perrin, Forster & Crosby, calculates that the chief executive of a typical medium-size company in Germany earns 50% more than his U.S. counterpart, 40% more in Belgium and The Netherlands, and 20% more in France. Business International, a Geneva research firm, notes

that in Switzerland today, a receptionist now gets \$19,700 a year, an executive secretary \$27,000 and a salesman \$37,000.

Though part of the rise in European pay (and prices) when expressed in dollars reflects the slump in the value of the greenback, this does not explain all the difference. In real terms, incomes have simply risen much faster in Europe than in America. According to the Paris-based Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development (O.E.C.D.), between 1972 and 1977 the annual increase in the average hourly wage in the U.S. was less than 1% above the inflation rate. But in Europe, wages have stayed ahead of prices by much greater margins: more than 5% in France, Belgium, Norway and Italy, and over 3% in Germany.

Part of Europeans' gains have been wiped out by their higher taxes; a typical Belgian family earning \$56,000 will keep no more than \$32,000. But though their taxes are generally lower, Americans must shell out more of their incomes for medical and educational expenses, both of which are largely free in Europe. The net result is that many Europeans end up with somewhat fatter disposable incomes than Americans but they also face generally much higher prices. So how do they do it? How do they afford the rows of double-parked Mercedes and BMWs and the expensive smart clothes that are so conspicuous to visitors?

One of the main reasons for the Europeans' apparent affluence is the fact that reported wages and salaries account for only part of many incomes. Moonlighting on weekends and evenings at second jobs—known as "black work," or the parallel economy—is common. Some economists reckon that average per capita incomes in most European countries, including France and Germany, should be increased 5% or more to account for hidden, tax-free earnings. The parallel economy is based on barter and cash transactions. A dentist will fix the teeth of a decorator in exchange for getting his house painted; a craftsman or professional



The Soulliers in their small Paris flat

When work needs to be done, pay cash



West German couple going on holiday

When the taxman comes, the Picassos go

will, on request, quote two prices for the same job: a high one if payment is by check, and a much lower one for cash.

Wealth is also increased by inheritance. Many European middle-class families can point to fine antiques, paintings and country houses that have been passed down. What these items all have in common is that they are difficult to evaluate and tax. In Switzerland, for example, the tax collector can estimate the wealth of a deceased individual only by one visit to his home right after his death; before the taxman arrives, the Picassos and Renoirs are commonly taken down and replaced by cheap reproductions.

But despite the extra income and benefits of "black work" and inheritances, Europeans do not live better than Americans—at least not by U.S. standards. An O.E.C.D. study notes that France, West Germany and Switzerland all have only about 300 cars per 1,000 inhabitants, vs. 505 in the U.S. In TV sets, Americans have 571 per 1,000 people vs. 306 for West Germany and 320 for Britain. In telephones, the U.S. ratio of 721 per 1,000 citizens is approached only by Switzerland (634) and Sweden (689). Still, such comparisons can be misleading. Europeans follow different, rather than poorer, lifestyles, scrimping in many areas to be able to splurge in others. Some examples

► Catherine Dreyfus, 40, a secretary for a U.S.-owned firm in Geneva, earns \$27,000 a year but saves little. "I spend everything I earn," she says. "If I run out of money I just wait. I hate debt." She did, however, borrow to buy a new color TV and a secondhand 1973 Lancia sports car. Almost daily, she uses it to drive a short distance to her parents' house for a free lunch, in order to save money on food. ► Claude Saulnier, 34, and his wife Solange, 29, have been saving for five years to buy a house. Meanwhile, they rent a cramped apartment from parents in a modest area of Paris. Both work—he in a warehouse and she in a day care center—and earn just under \$2,000 a month.



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Economy & Business

They eat out rarely and have no car. Says Solange: "Where would we park it?"

► Xavier and Véronique Goupy, both 33, earn a combined \$53,000 a year; he as a comptroller for a large Paris-based French multinational corporation and she as an economist for a U.S. think tank. She also gets \$9,000 annually from an inheritance, but they show few signs of opulence. They live in a two-bedroom walk-up, drive a small car and holiday with parents. Lacking the kind of expense account that allows many Frenchmen the Gallic equivalent of a three-martini lunch, they do not make a habit of eating out. Says Xavier: "I would guess that 60% of the customers in Paris restaurants are not paying from their own pockets."

► Wolfgang Baumann, 29, and his wife Renate, 26, a clerk and a secretary who live in a pleasant, suburban Bonn apartment, earn a combined gross salary of \$2,500 a month. Taxes take nearly \$1,000 of that, and they manage to save only about \$100 a month. But they have a six-year-old BMW, holiday abroad every year and are preparing to move to another apartment. When they do, the moving and redecorating will be done cheaply by "friends" from the black labor market. Says Wolfgang: "We have no complaints. Life has been very comfortable."

The European thrift mentality may not be immediately apparent to tourists, but it is strong. Do-it-yourself repairing is popular, meatless days are common, fast foods are rare, and big ticket appliances like washers, dryers and dishwashers are not considered necessities. Shopping is done carefully, with the emphasis on price and quality. Cars may be expensive, but they will be owned for nearly a decade and revitalized with new engines rather than traded in after three years. Executives may buy an expensive tailor-made suit, but it will be made to last seven or more years. Foreign holidays may be frequent but, more often than not, they will merely be to inexpensive pensions, to campsites or to the homes of friends on a nearby border.

This conservation ethic extends to basic attitudes and the smallest things. An average French family saves 18% of its income and West Germans put aside 12%, vs. just 5% in the U.S., which has the lowest savings rate of all industrial countries. Houses are only rarely heated from attic to basement. Apartment-house hall lights are connected to timers and only stay on a minute or so while someone passes through. Eating out is a luxury reserved for special occasions. In the end, judgments about the relative wealth of Europeans and Americans turn on one's definition of prosperity. "I have less than if I worked in America," concedes Hans-Heinrich Bittmann, a Düsseldorf advertising executive. "But," he argues, "I live better. More modestly, perhaps, but with less stress and more time for my family and myself."

Help Wanted

A shortage of secretaries

In a spoof of corporate life called *Nine to Five*, which 20th Century-Fox is about to begin filming, Actress Jane Fonda plays a secretary in a Los Angeles firm that is so large and anonymous that she and her water-cooler chums are not even sure what business it is in. However it does at the box office, the movie is sure to draw howls of pain from personnel officers. Reason: all over the country, companies are finding that despite today's near 6% unemployment rate, they are



A Katharine Gibbs typing class in New York
From gofers to grandmas.

having to cope with a severe shortage of secretaries. That shortage is, in no small measure, caused by the lingering image of secretaries as decorative gofers.

The Department of Labor reports that more jobs are opening up in the secretarial field than in any of the other 299 work classifications on which it keeps tabs. Although there are already a record 3.6 million secretaries on public and private payrolls, new positions are being created at a rate of 440,000 a year. But while secretarial schools are filled, almost 20% of the new jobs are going begging.

Insurance firms and banks have been hit especially hard by the shortage, but the effects are also being felt in such "glamour" industries as publishing, television and advertising. Chicago's First National Bank has been giving \$500

bounties to employees who recruit new secretaries, and the big CNA insurance firm offers color TVs. Sears, Roebuck and California's Crocker National Bank have held open house parties in an attempt to attract applicants.

The secretary squeeze has been developing gradually over the past five years, and corporate expansion is only one of the causes. In large part, the shortage is a side effect of the women's movement and equal opportunity programs. Now that they are encouraged to start out in management training programs or go on to study law, medicine or business management, young women graduates are less apt to want to move from campus to a secretarial pool. Says Sheila Rather, an executive with the Manhattan office of Brook Street Bureau of Mayfair Ltd., a personnel agency: "Business has never accepted the fact that a secretary also wants a career path." At the same time, efforts to attract men to secretarial work have fared poorly, while minorities prefer to take advantage of affirmative action programs that enable them to get jobs that promise faster advancement.

The shortage is sure to increase pressure on companies to boost secretarial wages, even though many managers argue that they are already offering ample pay for the applicants they are now getting. ASI Personnel Service, a Chicago recruiting firm, receives 30 to 40 calls a day from employers willing to pay \$800 to \$900 a month for experienced secretaries. However, ASI-listed candidates with the required skills are demanding \$900 to \$1,300 a month. In fast-growing corporate centers like Houston, top-level executive secretaries now command up to \$30,000 a year.

Several firms are trying to deal with the shortage by making secretarial jobs more appealing. Crocker, Chevron and Levi Strauss have promotion-from-within programs aimed at helping talented secretaries to move up the corporate ladder. Some Chicago employers, including the Harris Trust & Savings Bank, Leo Burnett and Continental Bank, participate in a work-study program that enables secretary trainees to earn up to \$300 a month while honing their skills at a secretarial school.

Many firms have found that older, more mature women who have raised their families or are weary of housekeeping can be lured back into secretarial positions. Chevron recently hired a woman of 76 out of semi-retirement to fill a job in its San Francisco office. At the Katharine Gibbs secretarial schools, many of the older women who enroll to refresh their secretarial skills are offered jobs before the course is over. Says Barbara Lyon, the Gibbs "alumnae officer" at the school's New York City branch: "Young secretaries today are restive. If you talk to any employer now, he will say, 'Give me a mature woman who has settled down and really wants this job.'"

Economy & Business

Executive View/Marshall Loeb

Why Tax Success?

Quick, now, who is the chairman of Exxon? Or U.S. Steel? Probably not even their shareholders know for sure. But the stockholders of Citizens Utilities Co., of Stamford, Conn., certainly know Richard Rosenthal. They constitute a Rosenthal fan club. By the hundreds, they write him letters that can only be called adoring. The chairman—who at 64 is wiry, bouncy and still strawberry blond—collects the mash notes between burgundy leather covers, answers them all, and elaborates in philosophical, ego-massaging (his own and the shareholders') messages in annual and interim reports, which he writes himself. Very largely, he writes about capital.

Rosenthal never tires of saying that his aim is not to give service to customers, wages to workers, or taxes to governments, though all of that is necessary. "The objective," he intones, "is to reward those who make the business possible by investing their capital in it, the shareholders." That view might seem outrageous, were it not that customers give generally high marks to Citizens' service. Remarkable in the unglamorous utilities business, Citizens last year earned a whopping 19% after taxes on revenues of \$108 million from sales of electricity, water, gas, telephone, and sewage services to some 500 communities in ten states, from Hawaii to Vermont. The company is helped significantly because Rosenthal persuaded the IRS in 1955 to allow it to pay dividends in tax-free Citizens stock instead of cash (only when they sell the stock do the owners pay capital gains taxes). This unique benefit—the IRS soon after forbade it to other firms—allowed Citizens to raise capital without going to market often and paying heavy interest.

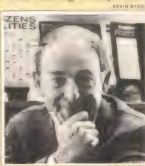
Capital has worried Rosenthal ever since a family shortage of it back in Brooklyn during the Depression blocked him from entering Pennsylvania's Wharton School. He had to settle for N.Y.U., because his father, an up-and-down entrepreneur from Winnipeg, ran out of money. Rosenthal graduated *summa*, made an early splash on Wall Street, joined a group that took over a then bedraggled Citizens, and became its chief at 30. In the 34 years since then, the company has raised its profits and dividends every year.

Now Rosenthal wants to see capital grow throughout the economy by radically changing the source of much that is wrong in the U.S.: its tax system. In his view, the system fosters too many tax shelters, expense-account freeloaders and assorted cheaters. It penalizes achievement because it taxes salaries at rates up to 50% and capital (in the form of dividends and interest) up to 70%.

Rosenthal's remedy would be a new producers tax. Manufacturers would pay it on almost all goods they make, and pass the costs on to consumers. So many items are produced that the tax on each usually would be fairly small. But the size would vary in order to provide social incentives and disincentives. Says Rosenthal: "For example, GM might have to pay ten times as much on a Cadillac as on one of its new X cars. There might be no tax at all on some fuel-efficient cars, because making them would be socially advantageous." To help poorer people, taxes would be highest on costly luxury goods, lowest on cheap products and nonexistent on necessities, such as bread and milk. Since the tax would be collected only once—from the manufacturer—it would be much simpler than the multi-layered value-added tax that Congress is flirting with.

The benefits, Rosenthal believes, would be huge. He figures that a producers tax would generate so much revenue that the maximum tax on corporate profits, personal income, dividends and interest could be cut to 20%. And people earning less than \$12,000 or so would pay no income tax at all. Income taxes would be so modest and simple that cheating and the cost of collection would diminish. Consumption would be discouraged, while savings and investment would be encouraged. Capital would build up and be invested because people no longer would pay such a heavy tax penalty on their income from salary and savings. In sum, says Rosenthal, "the tax on success would be much lower."

Critics may quibble over Rosenthal's numbers, but they cannot question that he knows how to raise capital and put it to work. At a time when Congress is intrigued with the idea of raising taxes on consumption in order to lower taxes on income and capital, Rosenthal's notion would seem to merit a close look.



Rosenthal of Citizens Utilities



Trying rackets in Chicago sports store

Net Loss

The tennis boom fades

Only five years ago, tennis was booming. Top players were getting seven-figure contracts to play with pro teams, big companies were fighting to sponsor tournaments, and TV networks were broadcasting even routine matches. On the amateur level, a game that could claim just 14 million adult regular players in 1972 had by 1976 some 26 million participants eager to invest in such paraphernalia as fluorescent balls, designer outfits, \$30 shoes and \$62 carbon steel racquets. Now the game has gone soft, at least as a business.

Team tennis is dead, and the networks have sharply cut their coverage of matches. Philip Morris no longer has its Virginia Slims circuit, once the keystone of the women's tour. Fully one-third of last year's corporate sponsors for the U.S. Open, which is held every September in New York City, have failed to renew their pledges. Most telling of all, sales of racquets, which peaked at \$184 million in 1976, skidded to \$137 million last year and are expected to fall another 30% this year. Wilson Sporting Goods, the PepsiCo subsidiary that introduced the first steel racket in 1967, has been losing money and is widely rumored to be up for sale.

Joe Fenton, a marketing vice-president at AMF Head division, explains that the game is "solidifying its base among dedicated tennis players—people who take to the sport as a sport, not as a fashion." Many of those who tried tennis during the boom times but found it tough to master have moved on to jogging or simpler racket sports. In fact, some of the nation's 11,000 indoor tennis facilities, which cost about \$165,000 a court to build, have converted their underused courts to racquetball. It is a tennis-like game that employs a bigger racket and a slower ball and, its promoters hope, may be more easily mastered by the nation's millions of would-be Everts and Borgs. ■

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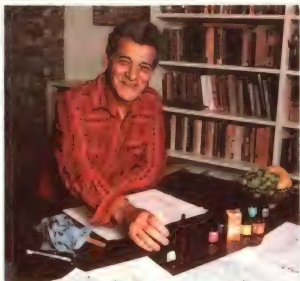
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People



Cartoonist Steig doodling for fun at home in Connecticut



Swimmer Nyad resting in Florida

He sold his first cartoon to *The New Yorker* in 1930—a sketch of two prisoners in a cell, with one bitterly denouncing his child as “incorrigible.” Since then, William Steig, 71, has published nearly 2,000 drawings there; to celebrate his 50th year at the magazine, he has selected more than 250 for publication in a new book. The world of Steig is populated mostly by grotesques, human and animal, gamboling through life. More often than not, critics treat his work as art. Steig is less sure. “I suppose every cartoonist likes to be called an artist,” he says, “but if people ask me what I am, I say cartoonist.”

The scene might have been an outtake from *Creature from the Black Lagoon*: a lone figure stumbles from the water covered in yellow gunk and with a swollen eye. Except that there were hundreds of spectators on the beach, and they cheered when Diana Nyad came ashore last week in Jupiter, Fla., the first person ever to swim from the Bahamas to the U.S. “I feel like the F train in New York just ran over me, but emotionally I’m exhilarated,” exulted Nyad between sips of champagne and whiffs of oxygen. The marathoner attempted the feat three weeks ago, but gave up after being stung by a Portuguese man-of-war; this time she sprayed herself with latex. “prayed to the Portuguese man-of-war god,” and proceeded to finish the 89-mile swim in 27 hrs. and 38 min. Now she will pursue her other goal: the 130-mile crawl from Cuba to the Florida Keys. If she succeeds, it will be her last lap. Says Nyad: “Where do you go after that?”

Pay attention, now, and no giggling in the back rows, please. Raquel Welch, 38, is making a three-hour TV epic called *The Legend of Walks Far Woman* near Billings, Mont. Raquel plays Ms. Woman, a squaw of Sioux and Blackfoot pedigree whose tale is traced from the 1870s to World War II. She is supposed to race, ride and swim in the movie, but since Raquel can’t do these things very well, half



Squaw Welch acting in Montana

a dozen doubles will fill in for her. Here she is acting, with no double in sight.

When Victor Willis, lead singer of the Village People, spun himself off into a solo career, the thump-thump-thump that reverberates through Discoland, U.S.A., was suddenly muffled. After all, the flamboyant sextet is the ruling clan of that realm; they have sold some 9 million albums and made songs like *Macho Man*, *Y.M.C.A.* and *In the Navy* into nocturnal national anthems. Now the beat goes on, for a onetime back-up singer named Ray Simpson has been promoted to the group, joining Cowboy Randy Jones, Construction Worker David Hodo, Indian Felipe Rose, Motorcyclist Glenn Hughes and G.I. Alex Briley. Simpson came along in perfect 4:4 time: shooting has just begun on the People’s first film, *You Can’t Stop the Music*, co-starring Bruce Jenner and Valerie Perrine. Harmony, disco style, reigns again.



Village People posing in New York, with New Person Ray Simpson on the far left

Sport

Two Princes for the Throne

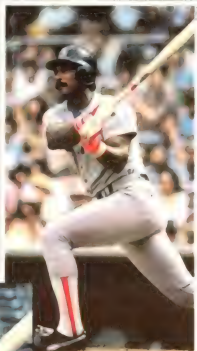
Boston's Lynn and Rice vie for the Triple Crown

They are crippled with injuries, their fielding is sometimes erratic and their pitching is anemic. So what else is new? The Boston Red Sox, following a tradition they established long, long ago, are simply playing true to form. As ever was, their hitting is marvelous: with a team average of .290, they lead the majors. But September is coming, the cruel month when the Sox usually falter. As the pennant race quickens, and Boston struggles to redeem past failures by overtaking the Baltimore Orioles, the team's batting is extraordinary, even by its high standards, and for two good reasons: a pair of slugging outfielders named Fred Lynn and Jim Rice.

Dubbed "Lightning and Thunder" by Teammate Bob Watson, Lynn and Rice form one of the most powerful duos in baseball history. "It's gotta be the strongest one-two punch since Maris and Mantle," says Baltimore Manager Earl Weaver. Batting third and fourth in the Red Sox lineup, Lynn, 27, and Rice, 26, have been pounding the ball so hard and often that, astonishingly enough, both have a good shot at winning the Triple Crown (leading the league in hit-

ting, homers and runs-batted-in). Last week Lynn was first in hitting with a .347 average, while Rice was second at .335. Lynn's 36 home runs also topped the league, and Rice was right behind with 33. Only California's Don Baylor had driven in more runs (110) than Lynn (106) and Rice (102). There has never been anything quite like it: two men from the same team with such a strong chance of winning the Triple Crown, which was last captured in the American League in 1967 by Carl Yastrzemski, who plays, of course, for Boston.

Lynn has always been a solid hitter, and his classic, fluid swing stirs memories of Ted Williams. What is different about Lynn this year is that he has be-



Rice: confidence of a young king

award and a vertiginous seven-year contract worth some \$5.4 million. (Lynn still has one year to go on a five-year package worth an estimated \$2.1 million.) "Rice can hit the ball out of any park in the country—and that includes Yellowstone," says Paul Richards, a former Oriole manager and director of player development for

the Chicago White Sox. He is exaggerating only slightly. One Rice blast out of Boston's Fenway Park last year hit the ground about 650 ft. from home plate. Rice once checked a mighty swing and had the bat split apart in his hands. Says Mickey Mantle: "I think Rice is probably the guy that could some day beat Roger's 61-home-run record," the feat that Maris accomplished in 1961.

Both Mantle and Maris feel that just as the Yankee outfielders did in their glory years, Rice and Lynn benefit from being teammates, pulling each other on. Says Maris: "When you've got good, strong competition, you drive harder." And just as Mantle and Maris were good friends, the Boston sluggers get along well. Says Lynn: "We just go up there and try to do the job."

Some job. All they have to do is lift the Red Sox past the Orioles, who have the key ingredient that Boston does not: solid pitching. But Baltimore does not have the big bats. This year Boston has two. Lynn and Rice will take a big cut at it.



Lynn: classic swing and new muscle

come a long-ball hitter. Though he won Rookie of the Year and Most Valuable Player honors in 1975, the first man ever to accomplish that in the majors, Lynn had never hit more than 22 home runs until this season. He attributes his increased production to a rigorous body-building program he underwent last winter in an effort to build up his strength and stamina. Says he: "There are no great players who are not strong." The work-outs added so much muscle to his 6-ft., 1-in., 190-lb. frame that teammates blinked when he showed up for spring training. Lynn feels his weight-training program will also keep him from tiring during the late season, as he has done for the past few years.

Stamina has never been a problem for Jim Rice, who, at 6 ft. 2 in. and 205 lbs., is one of the most powerful men in baseball. At the plate, looking as confident as a young king, Rice punches at the ball with a short, flat swing. Last year he led the league with 46 home runs and hit .315, a performance that earned him the Most Valuable Player



Sampling from Capitol Saddlery's line, including boots with the Texas seal and the famed Yellow Rose; Manhattan's Bule among her wares

Living

Pushin' Boots for Urban Cowpokes

Kicking up a storm in Western footwear

The tall stranger ambles into the shop out of the blistering midday sun and doffs his stetson.

"I came for my boots," he growls.

"These the ones you ordered?" asks the shopkeeper, nervously handing a pair of boots across the counter.

Nodding, the stranger slips his weary feet into the leather, stands up and slaps his hip. "Perfect," he says.

"Fine, that'll be \$800 plus tax."

Bat Masterson sprucing up in Dodge City? Gosh, no, this is an urban cowboy on Manhattan's Upper East Side. But the scene could have taken place in almost any American city, east or west of the Pecos. High-stepping city slickers everywhere are discovering that cowboy boots go just as well with a pinstripe suit, a satin disco outfit or designer jeans as they do with a pair of saddle-worn chaps and Levi's. Al Martinez, co-owner of Manhattan's To Boot boutique, has even outfitted an 85-year-old grandmother. Says he: "Sales are phenomenal. This fall will be crazy. I just hope we have enough boots."

It will not be easy to handle the stampede. While old cowhands were satisfied with plain cowhide, today's well-heeled dudes are demanding exotic skins: boa constrictors, sea turtles, swordfish, sharks, ostriches, anteaters and elephants. Custom-made models fetch up to \$2,500 a pair, although well-made cowhides go for about \$100.

Helping spur this gold rush is Designer Ralph Lauren's hit line of Western

wear. Loafers just do not go with a \$400 leather-fringed suit. City folks are learning what cowpokes have known all along: boots not only look great but feel good as well. They are also a proud brand mark, explains Judi Buie, 33, owner of Manhattan's Texas at Serendipity 111 boot store, whose customers include Rock Stars Alice Cooper and Boz Scaggs and Actresses Diane Keaton and Mariel Hemingway. Adds Buie: "For Americans, cowboy boots say where we come from."

They also seem to say Texas, home of the country's best bootmakers. At 85, Enid Justin, owner of the Nocona Boot Co., remains the feisty matriarch of the Lone-Star State bootmaking community. Back in 1925, when she founded her business, she cut and stitched the boots herself and peddled them all over Texas from her Model A Ford. Today her workers produce 1,500 pairs a day, though it still takes some 200 separate steps to make a single boot. Another oldtimer is T.C. ("Buck") Steiner, 79, a former rodeo star and owner of the Austin-based Capitol Saddlery. His boots take from five to nine weeks to complete, and prices range from \$250 for cowhide to \$1,000 for a pair of alligators. But the unquestioned doyen of the Texas bootmakers is Sam Lucchese (pronounced Lew Casey), who is, says Steiner, "in a class by himself, the best in the business."

Lucchese, 56, learned his craft working in the San Antonio-based business that his grandfather started in 1883. Teddy Roosevelt and his Rough Riders

charged up San Juan Hill in Lucchese boots. More recently, they have adorned such native sons as Sam Rayburn, Lyndon Johnson and John Connally, as well as a corral full of foreigners, including Anwar Sadat, Peter Ustinov, Marcello Mastroianni and the Shah of Iran. Lucchese sold his interest in the firm in 1977, and now looks after research and development for El Paso's Tony Lama Boot Co., which last year sold \$45 million worth of footwear. But one thing has not changed. Lucchese still wears only cowboy boots because, as he explains, the slanted undercut of the heel stiffens the back and keeps a man walking ramrod straight. Says the 5-ft. 6-in. bootmaker: "That's why cowboys look so tall."

Unplain Jane

Is beauty a beastly burden?

Welcome news for plain Janes: stunning appearance may not be a very valuable sexual asset. In fact, according to a University of Rochester study, beauty may not be a help at all.

Probing the social lives of 35 male and 36 female freshmen at the upstate New York school, Social Psychologists Harry Reis and Ladd Wheeler of Rochester and John Nerleik of William and Mary found that physical attractiveness is a great advantage to men, but not to women. The beautiful and the plain spend about the same amount of time with men and report the same amount of satisfaction. The women who do best are those with average to good looks. Says Wheeler: "These borderline women seem very satisfied in their relationships with the opposite sex."

One explanation is that men are threatened by beauty. Another: glamorous women think that men are only interested in them physically. It's plain from this mini-sampling that beauties will just have to bear their burden. Life is hard. ■



Lama's lizards and anteaters

Law

Now Juries Are on Trial

"Big cases" call into question their ability to do justice

The First Congress proposed the Seventh Amendment, guaranteeing the right to a jury trial "in Suits at common law, where the value in controversy shall exceed twenty dollars." But back in 1789 they could never have imagined anything like *Memorex vs. IBM*.

To decide whether IBM had monopolized various markets claimed in *Memorex's* \$900 million antitrust suit, jurors needed a detailed understanding of things like "reverse engineering," "cross elasticity of supply" and "subordinated debentures." The trial lasted 96 days. The jury heard 87 witnesses and examined some 3,000 exhibits. After deliberating for 19 more days, it could not reach a unanimous verdict. Federal Judge Samuel Conti declared a mistrial. He then ruled in favor of IBM, though the jury had favored *Memorex* by 9 to 2. Suspecting that the jurors were baffled by the whole case, Judge Conti began asking them questions about the evidence. The answers were confused. Declaring that "the magnitude and complexity of the present lawsuit render it as a whole beyond the ability and competency of any jury to understand and decide rationally," Conti ruled that if the case had to be retried, it should be heard by a judge, without a jury.

Now on appeal, *Memorex* is what is known as a "big case": a multimillion-dollar lawsuit that involves mountains of evidence and may take months or years to resolve. Increasingly common, such civil cases pose a dilemma. They are generally within the broad definition given by the U.S. Supreme Court to "Suits at common law." Thus they come under the jury trial guarantee of the Seventh Amendment. (State courts are not bound by the Seventh, but most states have similar guarantees.) Such cases add to the burdens on the already overloaded courts. More important, if the jury cannot understand the issues, the right to a jury may conflict with something more basic, the right to a fair trial.

Only about half a dozen federal judges have so far refused to allow jury trials, using as an excuse a lone footnote in a 1970 Supreme Court decision suggesting that the Seventh Amendment right to a jury may be limited by "the practical abilities and limitations" of jurors. But earlier this month U.S. Supreme Court Chief Justice Warren Burger joined a growing number of bench and bar leaders who question whether modern juries can understand, much less fairly decide, complex, protracted cases.

"The jury actually selected [for a big case] is rarely a true cross section," said Burger in a speech to state chief justices.

"Overwhelmingly, a great many of the people best qualified to sit on juries are those most eager to escape jury duty." Usually they succeed. With excuses ranging from "bad sleeping habits" to "poor frame of mind," every potential juror who did not want to sit through the *Memorex* case was excused. There were 118 in all. In many long cases, anyone who cannot get away from work for months at a time or who earns more than jury duty pays—\$30 a day plus some extras—will opt out. That leaves, says Stanford Law School Professor William Baxter, juries of "the old, the jobless and the poor." At the 14-month trial of *SCM vs. Xerox*, a \$1.5 billion antitrust suit, the jurors'



"I enjoyed that. He was very, very illogical."

average education level was tenth grade.

The parties to a civil case have the option of waiving their right to a jury and trying the case before a judge. So why do many lawyers choose to try complex cases before a jury? "Usually it's because they think they have a weak case that they couldn't win before a judge," says New York Lawyer David Boies, who defended IBM in one of its many antitrust suits.

Appointing special "blue ribbon" juries made up of people with technical or business training is one way around the problem, though it would probably face constitutional challenges because such jurors are not randomly chosen from the population. A better solution in lengthy cases might be for judges to stop excluding anyone who wants to avoid jury duty. Many lawyers and judges alike are wary of doing away with juries altogether in big cases. Judges have their own biases; at least juries offer what Los Angeles Lawyer Maxwell M. Blecher calls "a bouillabaisse of public viewpoints." These are

worth hearing in the antitrust area. Says Business School Professor Donald Vinson: "The question in an antitrust case is not just whether one company should pay another money. It is whether economic power should be concentrated in a big corporation."

But there is another side to the matter. If jurors cannot grasp the complexities of a big case, it may be the fault of the lawyers. "You don't need a Ph.D. to understand these cases," says Vinson. A sociologist from the University of Southern California, Vinson has studied firsthand the ability of jurors to cope in several huge cases. His conclusion: jurors try hard, but lawyers do a poor job of explaining. Typically, lawyers spend years piling up documents until jurors get lost in the minutiae. Eventually, says Vinson, they stop listening to the gobbledygook. Instead, they watch the facial expressions of lawyers to try to guess whether the law-

yers themselves believe the evidence. Adds Harvard's Arthur R. Miller: "Lawyers like to put up smokecreens. They make these cases more complicated than they are."

Yale Law School Professor Geoffrey C. Hazard Jr. argues that judges should limit the number of expert witnesses, narrow the issues before trial, give simpler instructions and break into the trial if necessary to explain confusing points in plain English. Lawyer Blecher, who has argued some 15 big cases before juries, blames judges too. "They allow lawyers to prepare cases that are three times as long as they should be. Look, if the trial was just shorter, you wouldn't have the trouble getting capable jurors to serve." The complexities of modern cases may indeed demand more of the legal system than it can deliver. The temptation is to change the system. But there is much evidence that before juries are tried, found guilty and thrown out of court, lawyers and judges should try harder to cut the big cases down to a workable size.

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Science

The Fat Boys

A pre-Columbian mystery

They are big and roly-poly, with human heads and torsos but no sexual markings. Standing majestically in the town plaza of La Democracia (pop. 2,000) in southern Guatemala, the dozen pre-Columbian statues were excavated from a nearby ceremonial site and are a favorite target of tourist cameras. Now the "Fat Boys," as they are called, are becoming objects of scientific curiosity as well.

Examining them with a hand compass earlier this year, Dartmouth Geographer Vincent H. Malmstrom found that its needle was sharply attracted whenever he held it to the navel of some of the statues, the right temple of others. Reason: these parts of their anatomy were themselves magnets. More astonishing, the roly-poly figures are about 4,000 years old, 2,000 years older than the first evidence of Chinese experiments with magnetism.

The Fat Boys are apparently of pre-Olmec origin, sculptured by predecessors of the earliest known civilization in Mesoamerica, who dwelt in a region around Izapa, an ancient priestly center just across the border in Mexico. The gifted artisans did not insert magnetic rocks into the figures, but apparently carved them around natural magnetic poles in the original basaltic boulders. But how did they discover this magnetism? Mesoamerica's oldest known lodestone, or primitive compass, a 2.5-cm (1-in.) bar made of magnetic rock, dates back only to 1000 B.C., a millennium younger



Fat Boy with magnetic temple

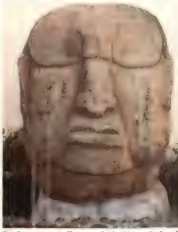
than the Fat Boys and some 2,000 years before the Europeans first began using magnetized needles in navigation. Apparently the Fat Boy sculptors did know how to use lodestones as a means of locating other magnetic rock, to say nothing of pointing north.

Such natural pointers would explain how the Olmecs sculptured a 3,500-year-old figure of a turtle with a magnetic snout. To the Olmecs, Malmstrom speculates, the magnetism may have been the magical power by which sea turtles found their way across great expanses of ocean. (He also suggests that the magnetic turtle may hint of Olmec contacts

with the Chinese, since they also made their early compasses in the shape of turtles.) As for the Fat Boys, Malmstrom says, their magnetism may represent the life force, with the navel symbolizing birth, and the temple consciousness or knowledge. ■



Torso with power in the navel



Perhaps a scowling symbol of knowledge (at left); and one of birth?

None have sexual markings, all are unexpectedly attractive.



Return to Earth

Around the world for 175 days

After circling the earth for a record 175 days in their Salyut 6 spacelab, Cosmonauts Vladimir Lyakhov, 38, and Valeri Ryumin, 40, last week landed safely on the Central Asian steppes of Kazakhstan. Unaccustomed to earthly gravity, they quickly settled into reclining chairs, posed cheerfully with a bouquet of gladioli and gamely fielded questions of Soviet journalists. Admitted Ryumin: "It's hard to get the tongue around words." But after a night on down-filled mattresses, the new Heroes of the Soviet Union seemed chipper enough to risk a dip in a hotel pool (outfitted with safety netting) and a scorching steam bath.

Barring medical complications, the men seemed to have reaffirmed the ability to live and work in space. Aboard Salyut, they performed such experiments as growing crystals in zero g, jettisoned the tangled antenna of the first radio telescope in orbit during an 83-min. space walk, and docked three times with unmanned Progress spacecraft bringing mail and supplies. For the Soviets, it all meant a major step toward a long-held dream: establishment of permanent manned spacelabs.

Off to Saturn

And maybe Titan too

It took nearly 6½ years and a journey of 12 billion miles, but NASA's Pioneer 11 spacecraft is also on the verge of making history. On Saturday, Sept. 1, the 260-kg (570-lb.) robot will become the first envoy from earth to reconnoiter Saturn, passing within 21,300 km (13,300 miles) of the solar system's second largest planet. If the flyby goes as planned, Pioneer 11 will not only send back 50 colored closeups of the great ringed gaseous sphere but provide valuable data on its interior structure, (temperature, density and magnetic field (if any)).

Controllers at NASA's Ames Research Center, near San Francisco, say that the probe could be destroyed as it swoops close to the outermost of Saturn's thin visible rings. But safe passage should provide a scientific bonus. After passing Saturn, Pioneer 11 will turn its electronic eyes on Titan, largest of Saturn's ten known moons, which seems to have a solid surface and methane atmosphere. The satellite could shelter organic molecules and—it is an extreme long shot—even primitive life forms. Since scientists have found no life on Venus, Mars or Jupiter, sighs Project Scientist John Wolfe, "Titan is sort of the biologist's last hope." ■

Show Business



Heaven's Gate Star Kris Kristofferson on location in Wallace, Idaho



Isabelle Huppert as a frontier madam

The Making of Apocalypse Next

Director Michael Cimino shoots a \$30 million western

The Johnson County War, a bloody skirmish involving cattlemen, rustlers, vigilantes and the U.S. Cavalry in 1892 Wyoming, ranks well below Jenkins' Ear as a minor footnote to history. No longer. In fact, if the *Guinness Book of World Records* ever devises an entry for History's Most Expensive Minor Footnote, the frontier fracas may find itself at the top of the list. Credit for the elevation goes to Michael Cimino, 38, the Oscar-winning director of *The Deer Hunter*. Cimino's new film, *Heaven's Gate*, will dramatize the Johnson County War as lavishly as his last film did the war in Viet Nam, but the price will be steeper. *The Deer Hunter* was a \$12 million movie. By the time *Heaven's Gate* is completed in October, it will probably cost more than twice that much.

Cimino submitted a script for the movie last fall to United Artists. The studio agreed to finance the picture for \$7.5 million. "A really well-done western hadn't been made in a long time," explains U.A. Senior Vice President David Field. The studio's faith in Cimino was undiminished when the director's script rewrites necessitated a bigger budget of \$11.6 million. The film had become more sweeping than a conventional western. It opens in the 1870s with the Harvard graduation of the hero, James Averill, who, like many of his generation, went West to help settle the land. Ten years later, as a federal lawman in Johnson County, he sides against his own class in the growing war between landed gentry and immigrant farmers. His story incorporates themes of love, class struggle and war.

Says Kris Kristofferson, who plays Averill: "The movie ends where *The Great Gatsby* begins."

With Christopher Walken, John Hurt and Jeff Bridges in other major roles, shooting started April 15, just after the Academy Awards. "It was apparent within a few weeks that Cimino was going to go over budget," says Field. "It wasn't apparent until the summer that he was going to go seriously over."

Cimino decided to shoot much of the film in a majestic section of Montana's Glacier National Park. The other major

location is the picturesque mining town of Wallace, Idaho. Cimino built an entire frontier street there. He also built a period roller rink called Heaven's Gate near the production headquarters in Kalispell, Mont.

The logistics of making an epic are awesome. Cimino, like Napoleon, is not the kind of strategist to skip a legion. The film involves more than 1,200 extras; from cravats to camisoles, their costumes had to be authentic. He went to Philadelphia to find a top-hat maker, and even farther afield to track down contemporary firearms and long-retired craftsmen who could make scores of wagons. From Denver, Cimino ordered a 19th century locomotive that had to be rerouted because it was too big for many tunnels. Then came the roundup of 80 wagon teams. Using fewer horses, says Cimino, "would have been like trying to show Fifth Avenue with only ten taxicabs."



The film maker takes a break in Montana's Glacier National Park

For the hundreds of extras, courses in waltzing and bullwhipping.

He also set up an academy of frontier skills. Hundreds of extras were made to practice skating for weeks. There were also courses in waltzing, horse and buggy handling, bullwhipping, and music for a band using instruments of the time. Kristofferson and Walken took handgun lessons from a former Green Beret weapons specialist. French Actress Isabelle Huppert (*The Lacemaker*) was installed in Wallace's real-life whorehouse for three days to learn the rituals over which she would preside in the film.

Heaven's Gate will cost as much as Francis Coppola's \$30 million *Apocalypse Now*, which was also released by United Artists. But Coppola put up more than half the money for *Apocalypse*, while *Heaven's Gate* is being almost entirely financed by U.A. The dialogue between director and studio, according to one production insider, was "switchblades and garbage-can covers," but Field claims to be unperturbed. Says he: "I think Michael is making a masterpiece. We are trying to do everything in the world to keep that picture going."

Certainly Cimino and his company are working as well as spending. The director pores over the day's takes until after midnight and sleeps only three or four hours a night. "I have no private life," maintains Cimino, who is a bachelor. Says the film's cinematographer, Vilmos Zsigmond (who also shot *The Deer Hunter*): "Michael fell in love with this film."

So has just about every actor, extra, grip and gaffer on *Heaven's Gate*. Cimino, a short (5 ft. 6 in.), shy, plump New Yorker, gets the most out of his cast and crew. A scene in which Kristofferson lashes out at a crowd with a bullwhip had to be shot 53 times. Says Walken, who won an Oscar for *The Deer Hunter*: "There are extraordinary moments with him. He takes you to places that make the whole event special."

Cimino believes in the intensity of his method. He told *TIME* Correspondent James Willwerth on location: "You follow an obsession. It leads you somewhere. If you make an honest film, the audience will relate to the people who live and die in that film. Your obsession has nothing to do with it." More simply, he explains: "You make a movie with as much passion as you can bring to it—and people respond."

Heaven's Gate, like *The Deer Hunter*, is a morality play that does not aspire to strict factual accuracy. To Cimino the new film's historical period is "not terribly different from the late 1960s. It was a period of turmoil. There was a sense of guilt and responsibility in the country." This perhaps is Cimino's real obsession: to analyze the psyche of a society in conflict. He hopes soon to look at the 18th century, in a film about the Sioux culture. That movie, Cimino insists, will be told in subtitled Indian dialogue. No doubt the sounds of switchblades and garbage-can covers in Hollywood will follow close behind.

"A big black bird screamed Roto-Rooter"

and away go troubles down the drain.*

The "Raving" . . . read and take heed.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore.

While I nodded in the hushing, suddenly there came a rushing,
as of someone slowly flushing water 'cross my chamber floor.
Only this and nothing more.

Eagerly I wished the morrow, vainly I sought to borrow
plungers to relieve my sorrow, mops to dry the soggy floor.
I slowed it down and nothing more.

Ankle deep in water standing,
long I stood there wheezing, panting,
weeping, cursing curses no mortal ever cursed before.

As the mess was slow subsiding,
my thoughts were strong to go a-riding
to dry my troubled clothes, perhaps to find a liquor store.

I jumped astride my motor scooter,
a big black bird screamed "Roto-Rooter"!

"And away go troubles down the drain"—
Roto-Rooter.

Quoth the raven: "Evermore."

© 1977



Look for "Roto-Rooter" in the white pages.

Education

Sin and Phin

"Fraud" in academia?

Harvard Assistant Professor Phin Cohen, an M.D. and biochemist, was studying human blood chemistry under a \$200,000 research grant from the National Institutes of Health in 1972, when an aide to his department chairman asked him to sign a form. Innocuously titled "Report of Expenditures," it was designed to explain how Cohen's federal research money had been spent. Trouble was, the copy shown Cohen was blank. He asked for a list of expenditures. No, he was told, other researchers customarily signed blank forms. Administrators filled in the items later. Cohen persisted, and was warned by the School of Public Health, he says, that his protestations might hurt his career. He countered with a threat of his own: no list of expenditures, no signature on the report that was required by Government regulations.

He got the list and learned that money from his project was being used to pay people who had not worked on it. Some he had never heard of, others were scientists assigned to other projects. In 1975 Cohen called on top financial officers at Harvard to audit all grants in his department, but says he got an "inadequate" response. Afterward, he was told he would not receive his hoped-for reappointment to the faculty (Harvard denies that Cohen's inquisitiveness was the reason).

At the headquarters of NIH, Cohen got a more sympathetic response. After an NIH audit, the agency hit Harvard for a refund of \$132,000. "Most of Cohen's allegations had substance," says NIH Division Manager James Shriver. "When we completed our investigation of his activities, Harvard made restitution almost immediately." But NIH was sufficiently aroused to ask for a broader investigation by the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. HEW's preliminary findings, released earlier this year, hit Cambridge like a ton of red tape: HEW auditors questioned the way Harvard accounted for 40% of \$37 million in federal grants and contracts to the School of Public Health. It sought an outright refund of an additional 7%, totaling \$2.35 million. Most of the problems involved inadequate documentation of "salaries and wages." The refund demands, however, were based on HEW findings that grant money went to consultants' fees, overhead costs and fringe benefits, not provided for in Government regulations.

Harvard is disputing many of the claims, and a resolution still awaits months of negotiation. But this fall tighter new HEW rules take effect. They require, among other things, that universities produce a record for 100% of the time worked by research-project staff members, even if



Dr. Cohen with college research grant audits

An avenging angel of bookkeeping.

only a portion of their work load can actually be charged to a given project.

In the years since he left Harvard, Phin Cohen has been working part time in student health services and industrial medicine. Outside of work he has transformed himself into an avenging angel of bookkeeping: invoking the Freedom of Information Act to gain access to HEW audit files, he has made a nationwide study of the accounting practices of 100 colleges. Among his findings: overbilling of federal research grants for medical insurance; hiding cost overruns with "journal transfers"—the practice of billing one project for work done on another.

No theft is involved. Reports of criminal misuse of funds are almost nonexistent. What is at stake is the robbing of Peter to pay Paul, all within an academic context. Colleges are valuable, expensive and above all nonprofit institutions. Federal grants given for research have often been regarded as a general fund that can justifiably be used for allied but unauthorized expenses. University administrators, in fact, say that what is needed now, given the economic pinch, is more accounting flexibility rather than less.

Government research grants now total \$4.5 billion a year, in the case of some universities, up to 40% of the total operating budget. The audit crackdown is likely to put a serious crimp in the already strained relationship between academia and the federal bureaucracy. ■

Senior Voters

Registering the Class of '80

About half the 500 seniors graduating from Detroit's Cooley High last spring walked out of the ceremony clutching something besides their sheepskins—voter registration cards. That experience proved to be a dry run for a bill signed into law this month by Michigan Governor William G. Milliken to encourage a good portion of next year's 133,000 Michigan high school graduates to vote in the 1980 presidential election. The new law provides that high school principals or their deputies can issue registration cards on the spot and act as registrars to certify that a student meets the state's minimum voter eligibility requirements. (In order to vote, students must be 18, U.S. citizens and residents of the state for 30 days.)

The Michigan bill, similar to a Georgia law signed by Governor Jimmy Carter in 1971, was strongly supported by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. "We have to make it as easy as possible for these kids to register," says Joseph Madison, director of the N.A.A.C.P.'s voter program. The percentage of voter turnout in the U.S., especially among the young, is steadily declining. Madison points out that of the 3.4 million blacks age 18 to 24 in 1976, 38% registered and only 26% voted. Of the 23 million whites in that age group, 53% registered and 45% voted. Legislation to enroll all teen-age voters is under consideration in 20 states.

Educators see the registration drive in a broader context, linking it to the traditional civics and government courses required in the schools. Detroit Superintendent of Schools Arthur Jefferson plans to invite elected officials and local experts on housing and energy to talk to students. "I want to give the kids substantive information prior to the 1980 election," he says. "I want to sensitize them to the political process and the issues so they will be so hyped up they will want to vote."

Compliance with the Michigan law is not compulsory, nor did the state legislature authorize any funds for the registration drive, so it is up to the schools to follow through. The voluntary Georgia program has not been particularly successful. Many high school principals, black and white, simply ignored it. Local branches of the Michigan N.A.A.C.P. plan to call on school superintendents to get them moving, and Jefferson will meet with Detroit high school principals to urge each of them to deputize a registrar to keep track of the students as they reach voting age. Madison envisions a voter registration rock concert held in Motown. Admission: one voter registration card. ■

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REGULAR SEASON GAMES

(All air times listed here are Eastern time)

Monday, Sept. 3	Pittsburgh at New England	9:00PM
Thursday, Sept. 6	Los Angeles at Denver	8:30PM
Monday, Sept. 10	Atlanta at Philadelphia	9:00PM
Monday, Sept. 17	New York Giants at Washington	9:00PM
Monday, Sept. 24	Dallas at Cleveland	9:00PM
Monday, Oct. 1	New England at Green Bay	9:00PM
Monday, Oct. 8	Miami at Oakland	9:00PM
Sunday, Oct. 14	Los Angeles at Dallas	9:00PM
Monday, Oct. 15	Minnesota at New York Jets	9:00PM
Monday, Oct. 22	Denver at Pittsburgh	9:00PM
Thursday, Oct. 25	San Diego at Oakland	9:00PM
Monday, Oct. 29	Seattle at Atlanta	9:00PM
Monday, Nov. 5	Houston at Miami	9:00PM
Monday, Nov. 12	Philadelphia at Dallas	9:00PM
Monday, Nov. 19	Atlanta at Los Angeles	9:00PM
Thursday, Nov. 22	(Thanksgiving) Chicago at Detroit	12:25PM
	Houston at Dallas	3:55PM
Monday, Nov. 26	New York Jets at Seattle	9:00PM
Thursday, Nov. 29	New England at Miami	9:30PM
Monday, Dec. 3	Oakland at New Orleans	9:00PM
Saturday, Dec. 8	Dallas at Philadelphia	12:25PM
	Denver at Seattle	3:55PM
Monday, Dec. 10	Pittsburgh at Houston	9:00PM
Saturday, Dec. 15	New York Jets at Miami	12:25PM
	Green Bay at Detroit	3:55PM
Monday, Dec. 17	Denver at San Diego	9:00PM

CBS RADIO NETWORK

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Books

A Tale of Tough Cookies

THE GHOST WRITER by Philip Roth
Farrar, Straus & Giroux; 180 pages; \$8.95

According to the cabbies of American fiction, Philip Roth has a great glove but can't hit the long ball. The fans will always yearn for the big shot that resounds with bulging affirmations and conventional wisdom. Roth even parodied this expectation in *The Great American Novel* (1973), a 400-page indulgence of his gifts for lampoon and mimicry.

That display now seems to have been a form of primal yuck therapy at the onset of middle age. Roth was 40 at the time. His reputation as a master of literary comedy had been firmly established by *Portnoy's Complaint*, *My Life as a Man* (1974) and *The Professor of Desire* (1977) returned to the sensitive roots of his wit: the conflicts between lust and respectability, art and burlesque, cultural ties and personal freedom, the problem of how to be—or not to be—a Jew. Civilization and its discontents were no longer a set of Freudian trampolines for a spry intelligence; the escape from solemnity required a more studied effort. Oddly, Roth's most exciting work of the '70s remains relatively unknown: two long stories first published in *American Review*. In *On the Air*, a talent agent named Lippman attempts to book Albert Einstein as radio's first Jewish Answer Man, only to find that the road to Princeton is a gauntlet of murderous anti-Semites. *Looking at Kafka* began as a critical essay and gracefully unfurled into a fantasy in which Kafka did not die in 1924 but emigrated to New Jersey where he became Roth's Hebrew school teacher and troubled suitor of his maiden aunt.

The Ghost Writer promises the incredible with the suggestion that Anne Frank is alive and working at Harvard's library. But Roth steps back from the inviting brink of fantasy. He retreats, in fact, to the drab reality of the 1950s, the time of his own spectacular debut as the author of *Goodbye, Columbus*. The new book retains the look, if not the actual furniture, of autobiography. *Goodbye, Columbus* is called *Higher Education*; its author is Nathan Zuckerman who, like Roth, was raised in a middle-class Jewish section of Newark. His story is based on a family embarrassment, a tale of money, lawsuits and maternal sacrifice that upsets his parents and the pillars of their community. "Can you honestly say that there is anything in your short story that would not warm the heart of a Julius Streicher or a Joseph Goebbels?" asks the disappointed judge who had once written a glowing recommendation for Nathan's college entrance application.

What the tribe finds offensive, the literary priesthood hails as original. Zuckerman



Philip Roth

The passion of doubt, the madness of art.

Excerpt

“ Soundlessly as I could, I slipped down from the desk and made my way on my toes to the daybed . . . My astonishment at what I'd overheard, my shame at the unpardonable breach of his trust, my relief at having escaped undiscovered—all that turned out to be nothing, really, beside the frustration I soon began to feel over the thinness of my imagination and what that promised for the future. Dad-da, Florence, the great Durante; her babyishness and desire, his mad, heroic restraint—Oh, if only I could have imagined the scene I'd overheard! If only I could invent as presumptuously as real life! If one day I could just approach the originality and excitement of what actually goes on! But if I ever did, what then would they think of me, my father and his judge? How would my elders hold up against that? And if they couldn't . . . how well would I hold up against being hated and reviled and disowned? ”

man is granted an audience at the Berkshire retreat of E.I. Lonoff, a celebrated carpenter of ironic Jewish stories. To the young writer, art replaces traditions. Lonoff supersedes all spiritual advisers as the chief rabbi of aesthetic purity, and the visit itself becomes a kind of bar mitzvah at which Zuckerman is accepted as a man and a writer.

Unfortunately, he is not the sole seeker of Lonoff's attention. Lonoff's wife Hope, frantic after years of keeping a quiet house for the artist, complains that she has to catch the toast before it pops. On her husband's preoccupation with work: "I got fondled more by strangers on the rush-hour subway during two months in 1935 than I have up here in the last twenty years."

Nathan's other competitor is Amy Bellette, a young researcher sent by Harvard to compile Lonoff's papers. She wants to take him to Italy for a life of truth and beauty. Nathan would like to go himself, because he is perversely excited by Amy's resemblance to Anne Frank. He imagines a lengthy scenario in which Anne survives Hitler's extermination camps to become Miss Bellette, who reasons that if she were known to be alive, her *Diary* would be read merely as a teen-age adventure story.

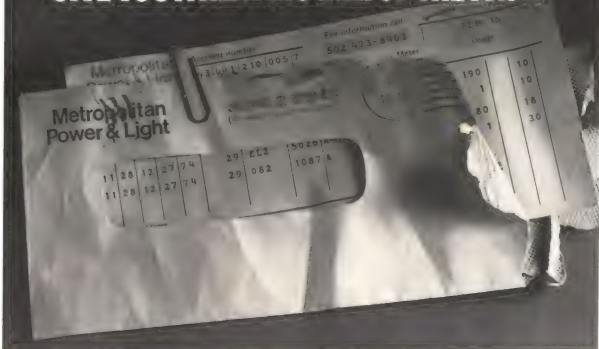
The real Amy curiously evades Nathan's questions about her background. She is a smart and very tough cookie. As is Lonoff; as is Zuckerman; as is Roth himself. *The Ghost Writer* is a bruising book. Within its artfully tangled plot, Roth tells off his critics and debunks romantic notions of the writing life. Henry James' "passion of doubt" and "madness of art" become a medieval incubus and fanatic patience; Lonoff, more the ascetic Old World Jew than his Yankee trappings might indicate, spends all his time pushing sentences around and worrying about them. His comment on writing 27 drafts of a single story: "To get it wrong so many times."

Roth gets it just right: the cadences and diction of the provincial and the pretentious, the fresh edge of Nathan's ambition, his helpless rage and the confusion of his victims. Zuckerman will do anything for a good line. He imagines going home with news for his mother "I met a marvelous young woman while I was up in New England. I love her and she loves me. We are going to be married." "Married? But so fast? Nathan, is she Jewish?" "Yes, she is." "But who is she?" "Anne Frank."

The gag comes dangerously close to unimaginable Holocaust humor. It is funny and embarrassing at the same time, a God-forsaken break in decorum that allows the anarchic spirit out for a breath of air. Roth has always excelled at this, and if the reader is offended, *The Ghost Writer* strongly suggests that it is not the author's problem.

—R.Z. Sheppard

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Books

Hard Knocks

KEATON: THE MAN WHO WOULDN'T LIE DOWN

by Tom Dardis
Scribners; 340 pages; \$12.50

Buster Keaton's comic mask was nearly indistinguishable from the one most actors don for tragedy. To have seen a Keaton film is to remember his thin, straight mouth, its corners barely holding their own against gravity. The eyes are equally memorable; Spanish Poet Federico García Lorca described them as "sad infinite eyes, like those of a newborn beast of burden." No matter what madness swirled around them, they remained wells of loneliness in the pale landscape of Keaton's face.

The comedian turned this stoic face not only toward the camera but to the world at large. Biographer Tom Dardis traces this response back to Keaton's childhood. Not long after his birth in 1895, he joined his parents' vaudeville act. The routine evolved by the Three Keatons consisted chiefly of father kicking and bashing son around the stage. One reviewer in 1905 complained about the "luresome use of the child's body for the wiping of the stage floor." As Buster grew, so did the level of showtime violence, and the only way to keep audiences entertained without frightening them was for the little boy to look utterly removed. Keaton described his education: "In this knockabout act, my father and I used to hit each other with brooms, occasioning for me strange flops and falls. If I should chance to smile, the next hit would be a good deal harder."

This school of hard knocks made Keaton a superb physical comic. It also drove him inward, to a place where neither friends, wives nor biographers could succeed in following. He was a passive, gentle, largely inarticulate man. His Hollywood career flourished as long as he had

a producer, Joseph M. Schenk, who gave him independence and financial protection. Under such conditions, Keaton made at least two films: *The Navigator* and *The General*, that are unquestioned classics of the silent era. Unfortunately, Keaton's comedies did not show the profits of Chaplin's or of Harold Lloyd's, and he became vulnerable to a takeover. His career was not killed by the advent of the talkies, as is often assumed. It began to die when he signed a fat contract (\$3,000 a week) at MGM and became answerable to accountants and better business methods.

Keaton's decline was ghoulishly documented by the industry that caused it. He appeared as increasingly deteriorating versions of himself in *Hollywood Cavalcade* (1939), *Sunset Boulevard* (1950) and *Beach Blanket Bingo* (1965). He turned his anger inward and drank himself to distraction. Yet he also lived long enough to become the somewhat puzzled darling of academics and film historians. Samuel Beckett sought him out and wrote a screenplay, *Film* (1964), in which Keaton starred. When the two met for the first time, they discovered that they had almost nothing to talk about.

Dardis' telling of this poignant tale is serviceable. He knows the early days of Hollywood; his previous book *Some Time in the Sun* was a good account of how writers like F. Scott Fitzgerald and Nathaniel West functioned at the dream factory. Yet too many sentences creep along under the crustacean weight of adjectives: "The staggering impact of the immense success of these shows on the entire entertainment world..." Worse, Dardis too often strains after bogus significance: "Like Ernest Hemingway, who also spent childhood summers on a lake in Michigan, Buster early became an extremely proficient duck hunter." Such blemishes are too bad. Keaton never pretended that there was more to his work than met the eye, because he did not have to. Unfortunately, his biographer felt that pretensions were necessary, when the life and art alone would have been enough. — Paul Gray

Yankee Gothic

GLORIA MUNDT
by Eleanor Clark
Pantheon; 214 pages; \$8.95

Even in bedrock New England, Eleanor Clark's home territory (*Baldur's Gate: Eyes, Etc.*), the center no longer holds. In her latest novel, hippies, religious freaks and motorcycle gangs have invaded the hills; developers have subdivided the landscape and dispersed the natives. Everyone is adrift, "looking for something—truth, identity, ripoffs, drug deals, lost dogs, new mates, carpentry jobs, socio-political this and that."

To changing Boonton. Vt. comes



Eleanor Clark

Past deeds and restless dreams.

Margo Philipson, a dumphy Michigan housewife with a history of kidney trouble and a well-developed martyr's complex. She is searching for her missing husband, a handsome minister who she secretly believes married her as an act of self-punishment. The Rev. Philipson was supposedly killed five years earlier, when his small plane crashed in the Canadian woods. But he has been spotted near Boonton by a hippie who once lived next door to the Philipsons back in Michigan.

Margo eventually finds her husband, who faked the accident in order to disappear discreetly with a girl half his age. But by then, Margo's own affairs (including one with the reformed Boonton drunk) are no longer so simple. Neither, unfortunately, is the novel. Into just 214 pages Clark crams, along with Margo's story, the restlessness, trials, past deeds and dreams of a score of other characters. There are Hannah Palz, a motherly musician-in-residence; Jim Pace, an unscrupulous real estate dealer; Brit Horton, a grizzled farmer; Mercy Groat, the local adventuress. There are also touches of Southern gothic in the Northern woods: a sex maniac murders and mutilates two hikers, and a motorcycle gang leaves one dead and another paralyzed.

Attempting to preserve unity in this welter of people and subplots, Clark resorts to some by now familiar techniques. She cuts rapidly back and forth between characters and blends past, present and future: "Right now she was still in the same ugly, dun-colored frame house on a side street in Michigan, feeling poorly as usual, without a thought of setting out for anywhere, and a certain south-bound pair of hikers were still at the Canadian end of the Long Trail, a long way from the Boonton crossing where a very different couple would shortly be murdered. Not that the two leaving Canada had any particular stopping-place in mind." This is the sort of writing that



Buster Keaton

Turning a stoic face to camera and world



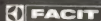
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Books

requires the talent and passion of a Faulkner. Clark only succeeds in complicating an already overloaded story.

A winner of a National Book Award (for *The Oysters of Locmariaquer*, 1964), Clark combines an elegant prose style with a richly lyrical gift. But her true métier is nonfiction, which better serves her discerning eye. Readers of *Oysters* or *Rome* and a *Villa* will not be surprised to find that the best thing in *Gloria Mundi* is her evocation of New England's character and countryside.

—Annalyn Swan

Editors' Choice

FICTION: A Bend in the River, *V.S. Naipaul* • Collected Stories, *Paul Bowles* • Living in the Maniototo, *Janet Frame* • Mirabell: Books of Number, *James Merrill* • Sophie's Choice, *William Styron* • Testimony and Demecanor, *John Casey* • The Living End, *Stanley Elkin*

NONFICTION: Blood of Spain, *Ronald Fraser* • I Love: The Story of Vladimir Mayakovsky and Lili Brik, *Ann & Samuel Charters* • The Duke of Deception, *Geoffrey Wolff* • The Medusa and the Snail, *Lewis Thomas* • The Neoconservatives, *Peter Steinfeld* • The White Album, *Joan Didion* • When Memory Comes, *Saul Friedländer*

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Sophie's Choice, *Styron* (1 last week)
2. The Matarese Circle, *Ludlum* (2)
3. The Last Enchantment, *Stewart* (5)
4. Class Reunion, *Jaffe* (3)
5. Shibumi, *Trevanian* (7)
6. The Island, *Benchley* (4)
7. War and Remembrance, *Wouk* (8)
8. There's No Such Place as Far Away, *Bach* (6)
9. The Third World War, *Hackett et al.* (9)
10. Chesapeake, *Michener* (10)

NONFICTION

1. The Complete Scarsdale Medical Diet, *Tarnower & Baker* (1)
2. Cruel Shoes, *Martin* (2)
3. The Pritikin Program for Diet and Exercise, *Pritikin with McGrady* (3)
4. How to Prosper During the Coming Bad Years, *Ruff* (5)
5. Broca's Brain, *Sagan* (9)
6. The Powers That Be, *Halberstam* (4)
7. The Medusa and the Snail, *Thomas* (7)
8. The Bronx Zoo, *Lyle & Goldenhook* (8)
9. The White Album, *Didion* (6)
10. Energy Future, edited by *Stobaugh & Yergin*

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Cinema



Alvarado and Levy in *Rich Kids*

Poor Grownups

RICH KIDS

Directed by Robert M. Young
Screenplay by Judith Ross

Though *Rich Kids* is a snappy title, it does not fit this fashionable, smart-talking New York comedy. The film's twelve-year-old hero and heroine, Jamie (Jeremy Levy) and Franny (Trini Alvarado), are rich all right, but *Rich Kids* has no interest in the vicissitudes of wealth. The movie is actually about the effect of divorce on children—an equally good subject, but one that deserves more justice than it receives here. As the cute but empty title indicates, *Rich Kids* would rather be glib than honest.

The film has some assets: attractive Upper West Side locations, a fine cast of New York stage actors and a smattering of clever lines. The basic premise is sound too: When School Chums Jamie and Franny get sick of their respective bickering parents, they run away to spend an illicit weekend acting out the fantasies of romance, something that is absent in their homes. While this plot offers plenty of opportunities for big laughs and emotional ironies, the film rarely mines them. Most of *Rich Kids* consists of mild scenes that sound better in principle than they play on-screen.

A major problem is that the adult characters are caricatures. Writer Judith Ross clearly wants to create the kind of people one finds in Woody Allen and Paul Mazursky films: well-intentioned, articulate neurotics whose comic behavior ex-

poses their internal pain. Unfortunately, Ross has a tendency to sacrifice believability for broad gags. We are asked to accept, simply for farcical purposes, that Franny's otherwise bright parents (John Lithgow and Kathryn Walker) would pull an elaborate ruse to fool their child into thinking that their dead marriage is a happy one. Ross not only characterizes Jamie's father (Terry Kiser) as a desperately hip playboy, she must also give him a bachelor pad so overdone that even Hugh Hefner would find it garish. Jamie's mom (Roberta Maxwell), meanwhile, is required to go into a burlesque rage at the mere mention of her ex-husband's name. Ross shows far more respect for the kids, who are so truthfully drawn that they seem to have wandered in from another movie. Still, credible grownups are needed if *Rich Kids'* conflicts are to have any meaning.

Director Robert M. Young (*Short Eyes*) could have destroyed the film completely by accentuating the sitcom excesses of the screenplay. He avoided that error only to swing too far the other way: his erratic pacing often kills those jokes that are worthwhile. The final confrontation between the kids, their parents and the parents' lovers is an all too typical disaster. A potentially hilarious climax ends up looking like a chaotic dress rehearsal, just as this potentially powerful movie collapses under the wreckage of its confused intentions.

—Frank Rich

Strong Medicine

NORTH DALLAS FORTY

Directed by Ted Kotcheff
Screenplay by Frank Yablans,
Ted Kotcheff and Peter Gent

North Dallas Forty is a painful movie. That is to say, it is a movie mostly about pain—the god-awful physical consequences of playing professional football for a living. It is about the sport's normal bruising, which can render a fit young stud so lame that it is agony for him to roll out of bed the morning after a game. But more important, it is about pain at the abnormal levels, about the anesthetizing pills the guys pop to endure daily practice, and the even more dangerous stuff they receive in shots on game day so they can play hurt. The film is also about what living this way does to one's head. To block out their day-to-day athletic agonies, the players must constantly indulge in mindlessly violent pleasures—sexual, alcoholic and generally macho-rowdy.

Based on former Footballer Peter Gent's good novel, the film shows this sadomasochistic world through the eyes of Phillip Elliott (Nick Nolte), a pass catcher with good hands and, in the view of the coaches and owners, a bad attitude. Elliott's insouciance springs from a develop-

ing conviction that he and his mates are exploited (if well-paid) field hands, risking their lives, or anyway their health, to assuage their owner's ego and their coach's desire to turn them into ciphers.

Elliott's rebellion usually stops at smart wisecracks, for he is held to both the pain and the surrounding childishness by a hidden hook—that pure and purifying joy he feels when displaying his skills on the field. He needs that high as surely as a performer in the more elevated arts needs it, and *North Dallas Forty* is shrewd to make this often neglected observation about athletes. Moreover, Nolte is very appealing as a man inescapably infected by the crudity of his team's raucous (and vividly rendered) behavior at work and play; he struggles to give Elliott an intelligence beyond the character's ability to articulate. The star is well supported by Mac Davis, as a smooth ole star quarterback who's learned to get ahead by going along, and by G.D. Spradlin as the head coach, Charles Durning as the assistant coach-enforcer, Steve Forrest as the owner and Bo Svenson as an animalistic lineman.

The picture breaks down awkwardly when it tries to express directly what it has already said better by implication. This generally occurs in earnest scenes between Elliott and his all too dense girlfriend, Dayle Haddon: his inexperienced playing adds nothing even faintly convincing to the badly written love interest, and the rest of the film has to struggle to recover from the resulting dead spots. Still, *North Dallas Forty* retains enough of the original novel's authenticity to deliver strong, if brutish, entertainment.

—Richard Schickel



Nolte in *North Dallas Forty*

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Cinema

Hot Air

MEETINGS WITH
REMARKABLE MEN

Directed by Peter Brook

Screenplay by Jeanne de Salzmann
and Peter Brook

Meetings with Remarkable Men is the hip '70s answer to Hollywood's old-time biblical kitsch. Once Cecil B. DeMille re-created the glory days of Moses in glorious Technicolor; now Director Peter Brook is giving the same treatment to G.I. Gurdjieff (1877-1949), the philosopher whose Zen-like quest for spiritual truth has greatly influenced the modern human-potential movement. Though *The Ten Commandments* and *Remarkable Men* are theologically antithetical, they are cinematic first cousins. Both films suffer from an excess of piety, a shortage of humor and an infatuation with desert vistas. Still, DeMille's muscular, campy Moses (Charlton Heston) is a hell of a lot more fun than Brook's wimpy, self-effacing Gurdjieff (Dragan Maksimovic). Human saintliness plays better on the big screen when it is accompanied by thunder and lightning. Brook's film is based on the mystic's autobiography. The tale begins in a small town on the Russian-Turkish border where Gurdjieff grew up. From there, the young seeker begins a series of exotic adventures: encounters with various eclectic holy men, a trek through the Gobi Desert and finally a rendezvous with a mysterious sect known as the Sarmoung Brotherhood. These incidents are lavishly described by Brook, who builds the film to his hero's discovery of the meaning of life. In dramatic terms, this climax is roughly as exciting as the denouement of a murder mystery in which the butler confesses to the crime.



Maksimovic

Though Brook has brought more new ideas to the stage than any other contemporary director, his film-making skills remain primitive; even his adaptations of his own brilliant theater productions (*King Lear*, *Marat/Sade*) have been flat. Here he is hobbled by lapses in continuity, fake-looking studio sets and a multinational cast. The scenery, much of it shot in Afghanistan, is breathtaking, but the photography is routine. What is needed is some sort of theatricality—if not the forthright vulgarity of DeMille, then at least the romanticism of David Lean. With its incongruous mix of radical content and stodgy style, *Remarkable Men* is as doomed as an artistic collaboration between Werner Erhard and Lawrence Welk.

—Frank Rich

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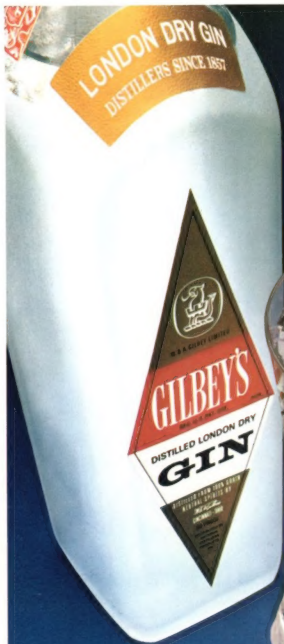
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